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THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

The circulation of the SATURDAY REVIEW has increased so largely as to render it impossible to carry on the publication any longer on the premises of Messrs. JOHN W. PARKER AND SON. Those gentlemen, to whom the best thanks of the Proprietors are due for their exertions in promoting the interests of the REVIEW, have now discontinued their connexion with it; and a new Office has been established at No. 39, Southampton-street, Strand, to which the Proprietors request that all Advertisements and Communications may henceforth be addressed.

As many applications have been made for the entire series of the REVIEW from its commencement, it may be convenient to state that the Numbers of which the impression is exhausted will be shortly reprinted. A few bound copies of Volumes I. and II. will also be prepared; and it is requested that persons desirous of obtaining them will intimate their wish without delay to the Publisher, at the new Office.

THE JEWS AND THE JEW BILL.

ALTHOUGH Lord PALMERSTON'S Jew Bill has our warmest good wishes, it would be hypocritical to profess the slightest enthusiasm for the British Jews. The curious analysis of the voting at the City of London election which appeared in the *Times* and *Daily News* of Monday, would chill our fervour, if we had any; for it shows that the Jews, by plumping for Baron ROTHSCHILD, voted against Lord JOHN RUSSELL. This was both ungrateful and stupid. If the Old Jewry were a Ward, says one of the personages in the *School for Scandal*, Charles Surface would certainly be an Alderman. Portsoken is a Ward with a large number of Jewish votes; and of all living statesmen Lord JOHN RUSSELL is the one who has laboured most steadily to strike away from its voters the last rivet in their fetters; but Lord JOHN appears to have had scarcely more of its favour than "the young man from Northampton." The folly of this conduct is even more conspicuous than its ingratitude, for it tends to deepen the impression that the Jews are not a sect, but a race, and that their brotherhood with Christians is confined to the region of negotiable instruments. It is always hard to avoid judging of a set of people from the aspect, however superficial, under which they are habitually presented to one; and certainly the British Christian knows the British Jew chiefly as a gentleman who is eager either to clothe him in the Minorities or to uncliothe him in Holywell-street—who lives by "paper" in St. James's, or offends the righteous prudery of Lord CAMPBELL in less reputable parts of the metropolis. Surely, it was a pity to strengthen an unfortunate prepossession by a hint that the Jews are ready to throw overboard a Christian statesman who has done everything for them, in favour of a Jewish money-broker who has done nothing for their cause. By a paradoxical inversion of the probabilities, the only class of Christians who show themselves, if we may be pardoned the term, "spooney" over the Jews, consists of the very persons who are fighting against their admission to civil equality. The sentimentalism of the tone in which the Jews are spoken of at the gatherings of the Conversion Society, is almost startling in some of the forms which it takes, and it does not seem to be by any means called forth solely by the prospect of their Christianization. Not many years ago, after the establishment of that famous Episcopate which was intended to convert the Jews and edify the Turks, but has only succeeded in quarrelling with the Christians, a very popular Evangelical authoress actually ventured on an affectionate remonstrance with the first Bishop of JERUSALEM for not having submitted to the characteristic rite of the old dispensation. The oddity of this idea would surprise no one who is familiar with the ordinary

language of May Meetings; and, in fact, the type of a religious platform orator is a man whose heart overflows with fiery hatred of the Papists and oily tenderness for the Jews in about equal proportions. Exeter Hall is never so successfully moved as by a combination of brimstone and treacle.

But though it is out of the question that we should regard the enfranchisement of the Jews as we might the emancipation of the Roman Catholics or the repeal of the Test Act, we must desire the removal of their disabilities both in our own interest and in that of our political system. Even in a country in which anomalies count for as little as they do in England, the paralogism of giving the Jews votes but forbidding their entering Parliament is so monstrous in itself, and so fertile a source of dishonesty in language and argument, that every reasonable man is anxious to have done with it. There is nothing to prevent members of Parliament from being—the comparison is perhaps unsavoury—the mere bailiffs of the Jews; and yet we think we consult our dignity by making them wait at table in Christian livery, or rather in the old orange uniforms which were stitched together in WILLIAM III.'s time. As for any system or theory which requires their exclusion, there is none such in existence, and certainly not in the minds of those who are labouring hardest to prevent the combustion of this rag of tyranny. What may be the Church-and-State theory of the sect which is now dominant in the Church of England—which has seized with precipitate avidity on its highest temporalities, but which owes no small measure of popularity and influence to an *entente cordiale* with the abhorers of all ecclesiastical establishments—is a speculation no less difficult than unprofitable; but it would be ridiculous to suppose that an iron logic compelled the Evangelical party to argue for Jewish disabilities. Were there indeed any living Englishman who believed in that vision of a consolidated State and Church which beguiled the youth of Mr. GLADSTONE and the maturity of Dr. ARNOLD, he might justly resist the further advance of the Jews towards civil equality, in the hope of hereafter dislodging them from the vantage-ground they have already gained. But Dr. ARNOLD died just as his theories were breaking down under him; and Mr. GLADSTONE, having taken office under Sir ROBERT PEEL, journeyed, like a traveller in the desert, right through the unsubstantial cloud-land which his fancy had erected into the towers and temples of the *Civitas Dei*. There is but one commonwealth in existence which is co-extensive with the national Church, and that is Utah, on Salt Lake. The policy and language of BRIGHAM YOUNG on the subject of the Gentiles pretty well represent the policy and language of Sir FREDERICK THESIGER's clients on the subject of the Jews; but so far as logic and consistency are concerned, the advantage is altogether on the side of the Mormon apostle.

But even if we cared nothing for the correction of political anomalies, we should still advocate the admission of the Jews to Parliament. In one respect their cause is ours, and that of every one who rebels, for himself and for the poor, against the tyranny which the spiritual advisers of the middle class are exercising over the community. All the tattered furniture of religious despotism is united by connecting threads, though we may not understand the manner in which the shreds are darned together. We all of us perceive that the confederacy which has inherited from Popery the principle of excluding the Jews from civil privilege is identical with that which has received from the Jesuits the Jewish doctrine of an ascetic Sabbatarianism; and we feel convinced that the same instinct which prompts it to keep the chain on the Jew stimulates it to struggle against the emancipation of the Christian. In helping the Jews, though they are assuredly the most uninteresting of clients, we make one step towards relieving the masses of the heavy

yoke which a bastard Puritanism imposes on them; and, it may be, we do something to protect ourselves from tyrannies yet in embryo. So bitter is the intolerance of these times, so steadily is its acerbity on the increase, and so greatly loosened of late are some of the old safeguards, that no man can say with what spiritual oppression he may not be closely menaced before he dies. But every fresh application of the principle of religious freedom makes it more difficult to violate; and, in labouring for the removal of Jewish disabilities, we are adding another row of gabions to the great earthwork of habits and traditions behind which we may yet have to fight for our moral, intellectual, and religious independence.

MR. DISRAELI ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

WHAT might have happened to the country, or perhaps we might say to the human race, if Mr. DISRAELI had been able to accept the invitation to "confer with a very great personage on a subject of deep moment," it is now impossible to divine. History is full of such puzzles. What would have been the destiny of England if CROMWELL had actually sailed for America? What would have happened if NAPOLEON had won the Battle of Waterloo? What, in fact, would have been the consequence if one person had met, or had not met, another—or if anything had turned out to be something different, and everybody had proved to be somebody else?—is one of the most interesting and inexhaustible of all branches of human inquiry. PASCAL has a profound thought on the particle of gravel of which he supposes the PROTECTOR to have died. We find ourselves falling into a similar vein of reflection when we are told that a previous engagement to a farmers' ordinary has stood in the way of the mysterious interview between Mr. DISRAELI and the "great personage," who has "received all that the favour of the SOVEREIGN and the confidence of the people could bestow on him." To say that we are not inquisitive as to the "great personage," or the subject of "deep moment" which was to be the topic of the conference, would be to pretend to a freedom from curiosity beyond the reach of mortal man. Except the entertaining game of "animal, vegetable, and mineral," we know nothing so puzzling as the materials which Mr. DISRAELI has afforded us for guessing at the subject of his thought. In some respects, the "eminent personage" is clearly an inferior, or perhaps only an unfortunate individual. He has been a county member, it is true, but then he has never been a member for Bucks. He has not learnt how easy it is to "address a body of men who, from their habits and the traditions they have inherited from their forefathers, have always taken an interest in political questions and in the government of the country." Certainly it does not seem a very difficult thing, to judge from the result; only the facility reminds us of an old saying, that "easy writing is plucky hard reading"—a canon of criticism which seems not less applicable to oratorical than to literary compositions. Mr. DISRAELI's oration, if we may be permitted to say so, was appropriate to the occasion; for it was the very model of an ordinary speech. But who could the eminent personage be, and what did he want with Mr. DISRAELI at two o'clock in the morning? Can it be that Lord PALMERSTON is pressing Mr. DISRAELI to accept the seals of the Foreign Office? Or was it Lord JOHN RUSSELL who sought his assistance to settle the draught of a Reform Bill? Perhaps, after all, it was only Mr. HAYTER, who wished to come to an understanding as to the election petitions. It is certainly very perplexing. One thing, however, is very clear, and that is, that the "eminent personage" is a man of no ordinary foresight. Wise before the event, he exclaimed, "Good God! what can you say to them?" We have carefully studied the three columns and three quarters, and we find that the "eminent personage" has anticipated all that we have to say. We can only repeat after him, "Good God! what has he said to them?"

No doubt the ex-Protectionist leader found himself in a somewhat difficult position, when he stood before "a body of gentlemen who do not look to the mere clap-traps of tavern rhetoric," but require of their representatives "a frank and manly declaration of opinion." Five years had hardly elapsed since he had stood there to maintain the cause of "protected industry" against "unrestricted competition." But where was the promised blight on the industry no longer protected, and the predicted ruin which was to flow from competition as soon as it had burst its dikes? Even the "re-adjustment of taxation" had been consigned

to that limbo where children believe that the old moons are stored up, but which is, we believe, in fact, the repository of the used-up programmes of the member for Bucks. However, Mr. DISRAELI is fain, like many another Protectionist, to take refuge in the "Providential interposition," which it appears has saved us equally from national ruin and from a Protectionist Administration. Australian gold, it appears, is the cause of that prosperity which the Cassandras of the landed interest are reluctantly compelled to admit. The member for Bucks seems to share with his colleague of Warwickshire the belief in the mysterious properties of gold, which distinguish it from the laws which govern the price of all other commodities. To these alchemists, the precious metal is the universal solvent for all social and political problems. To men who are so imbued with a conviction of the exceptional character of gold, it would probably be idle to point out that the increase in its production has had just the same effect on the wealth and capital of the world as an addition to the quantity of wool, corn, or any other commodity. The only relative change which might have been expected to take place owing to its employment as the medium of exchange, has, by Mr. DISRAELI's own confession, not as yet exhibited itself. The state of the money market, and the present rate of interest, are felt by the EX-CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to present an insuperable difficulty in the way of his theory that the gold discoveries of Australia have alone averted the fulfilment of the predicted evils which were to flow from the repeal of the Corn Laws. The prophet of evil is always in a false position when he has to come forward, like BALAAM, with a psalm of thanksgiving; and he does not much mend his case by producing the "gold-digger" as his *Deus ex machina*.

From the golden past Mr. DISRAELI plunges into the dangerous future of Reform. The opinion of the Tory leader on this subject might be expected to be peculiarly interesting. We are hardly surprised to hear that "he is not prepared with a Reform Bill of his own." When the head of the Government has not got so far, it would be too much to demand more of the leader of the Opposition than that he will give the measure "a candid and sincere consideration on its merits." It certainly was not incumbent upon Mr. DISRAELI to express any ideas on a subject upon which, as he asserts, no one is particularly interested. But as he thought right to deliver two closely-printed columns on this occasion, we have endeavoured, though without much success, to discover what he means, or wishes to be thought to mean. As far as we can make out, his great strategical scheme is to menace the Reformers, who are supposed to be exclusively devoted to the interests of the boroughs, with an irresistible claim to increased representation on the part of the counties. He offers the not very novel observation that, in proportion to their population, the inhabitants of towns have a greater number of representatives than the county constituencies. For our own part, we consider ourselves by no means committed to the cause of town against country, and we are very willing that the claims of the counties should be carefully considered and equitably adjusted. But, as might have been expected, the moment Mr. DISRAELI comes to the practical proposition of Mr. LOCKE KING, all his simulated indignation at the inadequate representation of the rural districts vanishes. His whole cry of injustice is founded on the statistical fact that the population of the counties is numerically greater than that of the boroughs; but the fallacy—should we not rather say the deception?—lies in the dexterous substitution of the word "population" for "constituency." Will Mr. DISRAELI venture to say that the aggregate *constituencies* of the counties are numerically larger than the *constituencies* of the towns? If, however, he does not show this, he proves nothing. Let him begin by increasing the county constituencies, and then there will be some foundation for his argument, and some pledge of his sincerity. But a proposition to increase the number of county members, while the constituency by which they are elected is to be kept as it is, is a project eminently characteristic of Mr. DISRAELI's political logic.

The theological part of the speech before us is chiefly interesting as containing the profession of faith of the right honourable gentleman. Mr. DISRAELI thinks the competition of parties in the Church has been advantageous to the cause of religion. The Low Church has saved us from "priestly domination," and the High Church has rescued us from "latitudinarian practices,"—a distinction perhaps as in-

telligible and satisfactory as such see-saws usually are. Mr. DISRAELI himself is "in favour of the *via media*, which the most eminent prelates of the country have ever since the Reformation maintained and upheld." This *via media*, it seems, comprehends "a complete and full ecclesiastical establishment on the basis of a true Protestant feeling," and also includes "an ecclesiastical polity maintained in its spirit and its truth"—whatever that may mean. We are sure our readers will be both gratified and edified by this very orthodox profession on the part of the author of the *Political Biography of Lord G. Bentinck*, some passages of which had cast a painfully undeserved stigma of heresy on its author. Anything more completely "high and dry" could hardly have issued from a University Common Room. We congratulate Mr. DISRAELI on the literary ability exhibited in this successful imitation of the style of the genuine port wine school. The ecclesiastical body will, perhaps, hardly be satisfied with the prudence of the ground taken up by Mr. DISRAELI on the subject of Church Rates. The identification of the permanent charge upon the land under the name of tithe, with the annual rate for the support of the fabric of the Church, is a dangerous comparison, which will probably not do much to sustain the expiring cause of the rate, but which might (if its legitimacy were admitted) seriously endanger the tithe. The two subjects have just about the same relation to each other as that which exists between the question of the removal of the Income Tax and the repudiation of the national debt.

Mr. DISRAELI expresses himself perfectly contented with the results of the dissolution—which proves at least that he is easily satisfied. If the annihilation of his party were essential to "restore the House of Commons to a wholesome state," it is very patriotic on his part to rejoice at the painful sacrifice. But when he defines this "wholesome state" to which we are restored as a condition in which we have "great constitutional parties with distinctive principles and an avowed policy," we do not feel quite so sure that the end for which he and his friends have suffered so much has been, to any appreciable extent, promoted. As far as we have been able to observe the "great constitutional parties" during the present Session, we seem to have a Minister without an "avowed policy," and a leader of Opposition without "distinctive principles."

SPOONER'S SOLILOQUY.

WHEN there is a disagreeable work to do, it is a comfort to have it done. There is a sense of security, a relieving defiance of the worst, which attends a dandy when he has got his best frock coat splashed and his boots thoroughly dirtied. The worst is over. The glossiness is scratched and lost for ever—the beau is ruined. We take it this is the exact condition of the Commons House of Parliament at the present moment. They have eaten the leek, and it is too late to think of sweet breath. They have gone through the Maynooth night, and to talk of honour, reputation, and modesty after this is quite superfluous. The House has eaten its dirt—and eaten it, we are bound to say, in the most abominable fashion. The nasty mass has been swallowed, and not a man of them even attempted to conceal his loathing. Every stomach was turned, and the signs of retching and qualms were on every side. The unfortunates who had swallowed the hustings' emetic faithfully redeemed their pledges, and performed their vomit. They did not face SPOONER—they could not even force themselves into the lobby—they gave him neither their voices nor their presence. They contrived to combine voting and absence. One hundred and sixteen pairs betrayed the general sense of nausea, and the necessity of getting through a dirty business in the shabbiest way. Not a man stood by Mr. SPOONER in his hour of testimony. Two tardy sleepers, and two alone, snored a dull accompaniment to his long-winded confession; but all that they lent to the homily was, as was natural, their ears. Even the faithful NEWDEGATE was only in time to be too late; and the new members, bursting with the speeches they had pledged themselves to deliver, had the wit to blunder about the forms of the House, and were, thanks to management or stupidity, silent. NEWDEGATE waited for the new members, and the new members waited for NEWDEGATE. It was the old case of CHATHAM and STRAHAN, and ended in the same way. The common enemy escaped. Ninety-one votes, and a hundred and sixteen pairs, but not nine syllables of speech in favour of Mr. SPOONER's motion.

There—sweep up the carpet and open the windows, and let's say no more about it. Let the fresh air and change of subject ventilate and purify the great House of Assembly. It wants it. The whole thing is disgraceful and dirty enough. Not that the House was not right in rejecting the motion with this contumelious contempt—not that human nature was not justified in declining to listen to Mr. SPOONER—not that Thursday night's style of insult to Mr. SPOONER was not exactly suited to the offence—not that the Maynooth cry is not the most abominable bore and purposeless hypocrisy which words can, or cannot, describe. It is upon other grounds that the business is a disgraceful one. Here are two or three hundred members of Parliament committing themselves in solemn and ignominious silence against the Maynooth Grant. More than two hundred of them appear in the division and pairs, who, at the recent election, six weeks ago, pledged themselves at as many tea-tables and meeting-houses to resist the Maynooth Grant—to make a Thermopylæ of it—to die in defence of their common Protestantism. It was the hustings' cry. It told—the pledge was offered and accepted. It was the crucial question. And how has this pledge been redeemed? By the absurdity and mockery of Thursday night. Even Mr. SPOONER rose into something like dignity, when, having delivered himself of his parable, he honestly owned after his defeat, that he had nothing to complain of—that the division was not a surprise—that his own friends were plainly ashamed of him and of their cause, and professions, and pledges—that the state of the House throughout his speech showed that there was no real sympathy whatever, even on the part of its supporters, with his motion. For once we lean kindly towards Mr. SPOONER. His very isolation attracts something of respect. He is, at least, consistent in his perverse bigotry; and even folly such as his borrows something of dignity from its undeniable earnestness. His speech, as far as we have been able to read it, was more than usually dreary, and with something bitterer than its accustomed drench of polemical quassia; but still it came from the heart, and the heart is something, though it be that of a poor silly SPOONER.

But what shall be said of his supporters? It is all very well for the majority to affect contempt for the Maynooth motion—though, at the hustings, even some of them walked very warily over the dangerous ice, and fenced discreetly, or dishonestly, with the awkward question. The silence of Ministers and of the majority is at least safe. But what of the minority? What, at least, of the 207 whose votes or pairs attested their hustings' pledges? Can they afford this sort of thing? They think, we suppose, that at the beginning of a session they can afford to play with their characters—that the two years of Parliamentary life which are before them will give them opportunities of repentance. They are sowing their wild oats; and, in the afternoon of senatorial existence, they intend to live a clean life, and to face their constituents with a good Protestant grimace, a clear conscience, and honours laid up in cursing *Liquori and Dens* on future Maynooth nights. Youth, they say, is the season for licence. But what if they should be cut off in their sins? What if a sudden election surprises them, after such a wholesale desertion of SPOONER and decency as they committed on Thursday night? Then it will be too late to plead for the willingness of the spirit and the weakness of the flesh. They will be brought to a serious account, not without weeping and gnashing of teeth—the weeping of their own hypocrisy, and the gnashing of teeth of their constituents. And they will have nothing to show—not a single speech from the whole brigade to back up the faithful and solitary SPOONER. While he was testifying, they were dining, feasting, fiddling, flirting, perhaps playing wickeder games—they left the champion of the faith to do battle against Apollyon single-handed. They skulked scandalously. And it will be of no use to plead that SPOONER was a bore. It will not avail to recount the dismal difficulties—moral, social, religious, and political—of marching into the lobby with fanaticism and folly. They will be told that they ought to have thought of this before. They pledged themselves on the hustings to vote against Maynooth. Not only were they bound to vote; but at least some of them were bound to speak against Maynooth. In so far as they have redeemed their pledges, they have done it in the meanest, most hesitating, and most reluctant way. It would be difficult to say whether the anti-Maynooth cry has been more damaged by the supercilious contempt of its foes, or by the hollow, half-hearted support of its friends. As it is, and discreditable to Parliament as is the whole thing

we have the comfort of knowing that this wretched howl is muffled up for the session. The scarecrow is huddled into limbo and oblivion, until another session revives its annual round of hypocrisies and shams.

THE GAINS OF THE PERSIAN WAR.

WHEN, a few weeks ago, FEROUKH KHAN, the Persian Ambassador, was an honoured guest in our metropolis, and the mails from India were bringing tidings of the progress of our arms in the country which he represented, every one must have felt the strangeness of his position. There was one circumstance, however, which must have mitigated its painfulness. He had an assured conviction that the treaty which he had negotiated at Paris would be ratified by his master, and that the month of June would see him again in England, rejoicing in the conclusion of an honourable peace. We have now heard of the last of our Persian victories—at all events for the present. Sir JAMES OUTRAM received at Mohammerah, on the 5th of April, intelligence of the ratification of the treaty, and the progress of his arms was instantly stayed. It is to be regretted that the news did not reach him a little sooner or a little later. He appears to have advanced too far, or not far enough. Had a little more time been allowed to him, he might have pushed on to Shuster, where he could have located his troops in a better and healthier position than they occupy at the present time. Where the peace has found him, there it must leave him, until certain conditions of the treaty are fairly carried out. He cannot advance, and it is certain that he must not recede until the Persian forces, which now occupy Herat, have recrossed their own frontier.

And what then? When the Persian army has withdrawn from Herat and the English army from Persia, what will be to us the gains of the war? In all such cases it is easier to reckon up the losses, with the assistance of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Still, we think it may be shown that something has been gained. We have acquired no territory. We could have taken none that would not have been an encumbrance. But whether a position in the Persian Gulf, admitting it to be an encumbrance, would not still be a gain to us, remains an open question. The objections raised against the continued occupation of Karrack are mainly of a sanitary character. It is said that, afraid as we are to locate our troops there, even for a few months, it would be preposterous to think of making it a permanent station. We do not quite see the force of this. We may catch a rheumatic fever by spending a night in a neighbour's field, and yet it may be the finest site for a house in all the county. Many a place has gained an evil reputation because sickness has broken out during its temporary occupation by a British army. When a standing camp is not unhealthy, its salubrity is the exception and not the rule. Individual instances prove nothing. An officer leaves his vessel, explores an island under a burning sun, sleeps there insufficiently protected, catches a fever, perhaps dies; and immediately the island is pronounced a Golgotha! Now, Karrack, *as it is*, may not be a healthy place of residence for strangers; but it does not follow that it might not very soon be placed at least on a level with the majority of our Indian stations. Sir JOHN MALCOLM, who knew the island well, declared that he could desire for himself nothing pleasanter than to build a castle there, and be Lord of the Isle.

Karrack, however, is not to become a British island. All the positions we now hold are to be abandoned when the Persian army is withdrawn from Herat. The Persian occupation of that place having been the cause of the war, its restoration to the Afghans is, at all events, something gained. Nay, more, it is ostensibly everything gained; for we have really obtained what we have been fighting for—the guaranteed independence of Herat. The Persian Government have undertaken not merely to give back the city and the surrounding country to their legitimate owners, but never again to put forward any claims to their sovereignty. If the Shahs of PERSIA do not violate this treaty, we shall not again be driven to make great military demonstrations for the expulsion of their troops from their dangerous position at the "gate of India." But the "gate of India" must still, we fear, be a standing difficulty to us. Sir JASPER NICOLLS, who commanded the Indian army during our occupation of Afghanistan, used to speak and write of "that blister Herat." Herat has been, and is still a blister. It has drawn our money—it has drawn our blood; and if

we are not cautious beyond all precedent, it will draw us yet into another quickset of difficulty and danger. It is easier to say who is not to hold Herat, than to determine who is to hold it. The only thing about the future which appears to us to be unobscured by doubt is that, whether Herat again becomes, as we found it, an integral principality, or whether it is to form part of a consolidated Afghan empire, the less we have to do with the arrangement the better for our future peace. We shall surely sow the seeds of new troubles, and perhaps of new disasters, if the ruler of that place obtains from the British Government any kind of guarantee, positive or constructive, to maintain him in his government against enemies on one side or the other, from within or from without. It will be enough for us to see that the conditions of our treaty with Persia are duly observed.

A third gain is in the permission to establish consulates in Persia, wherever a similar permission has been conceded to other nations. It was apprehended that we should encounter greater difficulties in our efforts to attain this object than in the negotiation of all the rest of the treaty. It was even said, in some of the Continental journals, that the influence of Russia would be successfully exerted to thwart us in this direction, and that probably the negotiations between Lord COWLEY and FEROUKH KHAN would break down under the impossibility of a satisfactory solution of the difficulty of the Consulates. But, as far at least as may be gathered from the information before the public—and the substantial accuracy of the text of the treaty published some weeks ago has not been questioned—the Persian Minister was not diverted from his purpose of peace-making by any foreign suggestions, and the acceptance of the treaty by the SHAH appears to be unconditional and unreserved. We assume, therefore, that there will be nothing henceforth to prevent the location of a British Consul in any part of the Persian Empire from Bushire to Asterabad. And when we consider how long we have been aiming at this, and how the continued activity of Russia on the shores of the Caspian has rendered it more and more desirable that we should not be excluded from the northern parts of the Empire, it will be admitted that here too there is something gained.

And what else? Why, Mr. MURRAY is to go back to Teheran, and to be courteously received—his old enemy, the SUDDR AZIM, being still in high place. We have no great objection to this compromise. Men who know Persia and the Persians better than Mr. MURRAY are disposed to think that England has few better friends in Persia than this same SUDDR AZIM, if he be properly managed. We have no doubt that, during the recent war with Russia, Mr. MURRAY had a very difficult game to play at Teheran, and it is no great discredit to him that he failed to play it with success. Under altered circumstances, his diplomacy may, we hope, be more prosperous. We trust that we have learnt one useful lesson from the war, or rather from its causes—namely, that the utmost care must henceforth be taken by the British Government to select for the Persian Embassy men of proved fitness and especial qualifications for the business of Oriental diplomacy—men of experience, of capacity, of judgment, of tact, and of temper—and above all, whenever it be possible, men known to and trusted by the Persians themselves. If this be done—if we endeavour to strengthen Persia—if we no longer regard it as a barbarous country—if we elevate the character of our Embassy at Teheran, and show that our diplomacy is as much to be respected as our arms are to be dreaded—in a word, if we re-establish the commanding influence in Persia which we have for so many years been strenuously exerting ourselves to lose, we shall, a few years hence, be able to reckon with some satisfaction the gains of the Persian war.

THE PRESS AND THE ARMY.

THE mode in which the Press has, within the last few years, begun habitually to treat military subjects and military men, has passed the ordinary limits of occasional injustice, and resolved itself into a regular system, which compels us to inquire whether it will be possible for this country long to maintain an army of which discipline and honour must always form the vital and active principles. The subject is too serious to allow of our indulging in vague declamation or general charges against the authors of libels which, if persisted in, must convert English officers into mere parasites of the Press. Without further prelude or remark, we wish calmly to lay

before our readers the case of General ASHBURNHAM, and the manner in which he has been treated by the Press, and then leave them to judge of the consequences which are likely to flow from this reckless system of ignorant and malicious detraction. It is now nearly three months since General ASHBURNHAM was appointed to the important and difficult post of Commander-in-Chief of the forces in China. It is hardly to be assumed that any English Government would select for such a task a man whom they believed to be destitute of military qualities, and who was labouring under the stigma of deserved disgrace. The mere vulgar platitudes which are levelled indiscriminately against all Administrations, of jobbery and favouritism, are estimated by candid men with a reasonable caution. The least scrupulous Minister is tolerably well aware that the fortune of his Government to a great degree will depend on the success which attends its enterprises. To presume that a Government would appoint a man to high command, knowing that he was likely to fail, would be foolish as well as factious. But to assert, without proof, that an English officer who has been decorated for his services in the field is at once incapable and a coward, is a course which English journals have begun to adopt, but against which we believe it is not yet too late to appeal to English feelings.

We do not pretend to question the right of the press to discuss the qualifications of men who are appointed to high and responsible posts, whether in the army or in any other department of the State. But let us see how the criticism was conducted in this instance. General ASHBURNHAM had been appointed to the command of the Chinese expedition. The *Times* asserts that it was in possession of information—what the value and accuracy of that information was we shall presently see—which showed that the selection was an unwise and improper one. For reasons which do not appear very intelligible, we are told that this information was suppressed at the time of the appointment. But news arrives that General ASHBURNHAM has been unwell at Malta, and then comes forth an article which charges him, not with physical incapacity, but with defects of moral and even personal courage. How the indisposition of the General at Malta can have altered the views which the *Times* took of its duty to call attention to his previous misconduct in India, it is not very easy to perceive. That it should object to him on the score of bodily disqualification is intelligible; but that it should make that a pretext for bringing up a charge of misconduct at the head of his troop eleven years ago, is a thing which only those who understand the principles on which the *Times* is conducted can undertake to explain.

However, General ASHBURNHAM had sailed from England—his appointment had passed unquestioned while he was present to defend himself. But, for some inscrutable reason, the *Times* thought fit to fall foul of him before he had an opportunity of displaying either his qualifications or his disqualifications for his present post. Let us see the nature of the charge brought against him, and the language in which it was couched. On April 21st, the *Times*, in a leading article, writes thus of the English general:—"His solitary achievement is that he commanded a Brigade in the battle of Chillianwallah, and without showing extraordinary promptitude or ability;" and then the article proceeds to condemn, in unmeasured terms, "the choice of a general of whom little is known, and that little more favourable to his discretion than his valour." The meaning of this sneer is sufficiently intelligible. To say of an officer on the field of battle that his discretion is greater than his valour is much the same thing as to say of a lady, on the day of her marriage, that her beauty is greater than her virtue. Everybody understands what is meant, and everybody is intended to understand it. We will venture to say that there are thousands of Englishmen throughout the country who, on the faith of this article, believed that General ASHBURNHAM was a coward. The statement that this officer had behaved ill at Chillianwallah was, if true, a shameful and fatal reproach—if false, it was a base and cruel calumny. If an officer who has misconducted himself on previous occasions is appointed to a high and superior position, we do not deny that it is the right and the duty of the Press to call attention to his unfitness. But the office of branding an English General in the face of Europe as incapable and a coward, is one which should be undertaken under a deep sense of responsibility, and exercised with the greatest caution, and on the fullest and most unquestionable information.

Now here is a writer who vouches for the place, time, and

circumstance of General ASHBURNHAM's misbehaviour to sustain his sneer against the valour of an English officer. Just mark the levity of the man! He says it was at Chillianwallah that General ASHBURNHAM exhibited his discretion—the fact being that the General never was at the battle of Chillianwallah at all. Whether a brigadier was at a particular Indian battle or not, might well be unknown to any ordinary person; but we do say that a man who comes forward to prefer a charge of cowardice against an officer is bound at the very least to know whether he was in the battle where he is said to have misconducted himself. Yet here is a journal calling itself the leading journal of Europe, which is taken everywhere as the test and mirror of English opinion, charging the General in command of a British army with cowardice and incapacity in a particular action, without even taking the trouble to inform itself whether he was even present at the action in question.

But then comes a man, whom we cannot bring ourselves to call either an officer or a gentleman, who signs himself M. L. He says that it is true that General ASHBURNHAM was not at Chillianwallah, but that he behaved ill at Sobraon. The story which M. L. tells is this:—General ASHBURNHAM being in command of a brigade, he himself—being on the staff of another brigadier, who, it should be observed, had no authority to give any orders—rode up and directed General ASHBURNHAM to attack a certain position instantly, it being then 11 P.M. M. L. says that the General declined, alleging that his orders from the Commander-in-chief were not to attack till 4 A.M. We should have thought that, to any soldier, this would have been a sufficient and conclusive answer. But this anonymous and cowardly slanderer endeavours to insinuate, what he dares not assert, in these words:—"What was said to Brigadier ASHBURNHAM by Sir H. GOUGH on the matter, I know not; but I would not have held his position that fine morning for a good round sum." It is clear enough what M. L. intended the public to believe by this, and what, in fact, it did believe for several weeks—viz., that Lord GOUGH was disgusted at the slackness and want of pluck of Brigadier ASHBURNHAM. It is probably true enough that M. L. does not know what Lord GOUGH said to Brigadier ASHBURNHAM that fine morning; but we know what Lord GOUGH wrote home in the despatch. The words are these:—"Brigadier the Hon. General ASHBURNHAM manœuvred with great coolness and success as a reserve to the last two brigades." And Lord HARDINGE, who was present at the action, writes:—"The brigade under the command of Brigadier the Hon. T. ASHBURNHAM, placed in support of the attacking division, by its firm and judicious advance, contributed to the success of the assault."

We can hardly profess to be surprised that, with the whole of the evidence laid before it, the *Times* preferred to adopt the defamatory insinuation of M. L., rather than accept the correction of Lord PANMURE. On May 8th, the *Times* returned to the charge. It reiterated and reinforced the condemnation of General ASHBURNHAM for obeying the orders of the Commander-in-chief, in preference to the suggestion of a young aide-de-camp. The *Times*, with its profound knowledge of the art of war, speaks with sublime contempt of "school-boy theories on the duty of military subordination," and appeals to the Duke of WELLINGTON as an authority in favour of "the discretion left to Brigadiers and Generals of Division." Now this is an appeal which is easily answered, and we beg to refer our readers to one of the greatest authorities on the art of war, Baron VON MUFFLING, who in his account of the battle of Waterloo (when he was attached to the Duke's person as commissioner from the Prussian Army), writes thus:—

Two brigades of English cavalry, of three regiments each, stood on our left wing; I urged the commanders of both to cut in upon the scattered infantry, observing that they could not fail to bring in at least 3,000 prisoners. Both agreed with me fully, but, shrugging their shoulders, answered, "Alas, we dare not! the Duke of Wellington is very strict in enforcing obedience to prescribed regulations on this point." I had afterwards an opportunity of asking the Duke about these regulations, which I could do with him freely, as the two officers in question were amongst the most distinguished of the army, and had rendered the most signal services with the brigades in the action that day. The Duke answered me:—"The two generals were perfectly correct in their answer; for had they made such an onslaught without my permission, even though the greatest success had crowned their attempt, I must have brought them to a court-martial."

Baron VON MUFFLING then states the argument which he employed, urging that this rule ought not in all its strictness to be enforced in the case of cavalry, but he gives the Duke's reply to his objection thus:—"The Duke replied, that the case I had in view could neither alter nor modify the fixed principle, inasmuch as the General ought, at any mo-

ment of the action, to have the free disposal of his troops, and it is of essential importance "that the leaders of troops should set themselves in motion the very moment they receive fresh orders; but this could not be done if they were engaged in their own enterprises, unknown to the General in command." So much for the accuracy of the *Times* in appealing to the Duke of WELLINGTON as an authority in favour of "discretionary power" in brigadiers.

Now it should be observed (as appears from the despatches) that General ASHBURNHAM was placed in *reserve*—that he was ordered to advance at 4 A.M.—and that the whole charge of cowardice brought against him by the *Times* rests upon the fact that, being in reserve, he refused, without an order from the Commander-in-chief, to advance five hours before the appointed time. If he had done what he is branded as a coward for not having done, he would have been deservedly broken by a court-martial. But this is not all. When the appointed time for action actually arrived, let us see how Brigadier ASHBURNHAM behaved. On this subject, the *Times* and its correspondent M. L., who are so ready with their imputations and insinuations, are studiously and malignantly silent. But General CODRINGTON has produced, on behalf of his calumniated brother-officer, the account of two eye-witnesses of the conduct of General ASHBURNHAM. We quote the letters at length from the Parliamentary Report:—

Winchester, May 4.

You have seen the attack on General Ashburnham. Well, with a soldier that part of it about taking the outpost is easily disposed of. General Ashburnham had received his orders from the Commander-in-chief, and obeyed them in preference to the suggestions of two junior officers, who must have had no small share of impudence to go to him with their opinion after being told he had received his orders and intended to obey them. Now I will state on my honour what I saw of General Ashburnham on the day of Sobraon. He commanded the Queen's 9th and 62nd, as also a native corps. After the flank companies of the 62nd had got into the outpost which they were ordered to take, the remainder of the regiment was ordered to remain about 200 yards in rear for the protection of some artillery. General Ashburnham then left the regiment, and went to the 9th Regiment and the native corps—48th Bengal, I believe—some 300 yards in our left rear. The 62nd were in a nullah, which ran nearly perpendicular to the batteries, but it afforded some cover, and it was taken advantage of. There the regiment remained nearly two hours, losing some 14 men from round shot. General Ashburnham was with the largest part of his brigade. We received an order to join him, which we did as quickly as we could, and found him forming line. When all were in line—three regiments and a company of native rifles—the brigade advanced, and as we approached the batteries, which were being well served and blew up one of our tumbrils, General Ashburnham rode out in front about thirty paces with his sword pointing upwards at arm's-length, and could be, and was, seen by all the brigade. In this way he led us to the battery, on arriving at which he tried to leap his horse through one of the embrasures, but the horse failed. He then turned his head, tried again, and went in. We found him between us and the enemy, and he continued to keep in front, nearly looking into the muzzles of the enemy's muskets. How he escaped being hit is a marvel to me to this day. He was—I believe, at least, he was—the only mounted officer of his brigade who rode into the intrenchments, all this time under a most destructive fire. A more gallant deed, or one showing more determination or coolness, I never saw; and this was seen by both officers and men of the 62nd Regiment, and was the admiration of all, from the late Lieutenant-Colonel Shortt, who commanded the regiment that day, down to the private. One soldier rushed to the front to the brigadier and kept at his stirrups all the time. When General Ashburnham was forming his brigade, a staff officer did ride up and tell him to advance; indeed, the brigade was advancing at the time. General Ashburnham could never find out who the man was or who had sent him, although he tried to do so. I enclose a rough copy of a conversation that took place after the battle. I was present and heard it, as was the writer.

I, with some other officers, heard the late Lieutenant-Colonel W. T. Shortt, 62nd Regiment, thus, word for word, express himself:—"I always had the highest opinion of Ashburnham; but, if it be possible, my admiration of him is much increased by what I saw him do to-day. He rode in front of the brigade in the advance up to the enemy's battery, and in the teeth of a most destructive fire, and endeavoured to jump his horse through one of the embrasures. Finding, however, owing to its steepness, that he was unable to effect his object, he coolly turned his horse's head and rode parallel to the battery for a considerable distance, until, finding an embrasure more suited to his purpose, he spurred his horse, and in an instant was among the enemy on the opposite side, followed by us. A more gallant deed, and one exhibiting more coolness, I never witnessed."

This is the man who has been ridiculed and sneered at by the *Times*, in the face of Europe, as more "remarkable for his discretion than his valour." There is one thing to be remembered—viz., that though the whole truth has gradually come out—though the *Times* is now fully aware of the baselessness of the imputations it has made, and of the insults it has launched—this foul and calumnious charge has never been withdrawn. The explanations and refutations have crept into by- corners of the paper, through Parliamentary Reports and letters in small print. But the writer of the leading article has never had the courage or manliness to confess that, when he charged General ASHBURNHAM with having exhibited more discretion than valour at the battle of Chillianwallah, he had ignorantly and recklessly wounded the honour and good fame of a gallant and distinguished officer. There remains the insult, neither apologized for nor withdrawn. Those who have taken the pains to follow up the subject will have learnt that the charge was as false as calum-

nious. But the careless and ignorant public at large, who have read the leading articles in question, have probably never seen or remarked the refutation; and the *Times*, for fear of having appeared to be in the wrong, does not choose to make a reparation as public as the injury. When the Press thus exercises, without any sense of responsibility or honour, the enormous power which it wields, can we wonder if there should be found existing towards it a growing feeling of mistrust and contempt? Is it at such a moment that we are to be asked to relax those laws which afford to character the same defence which they give to property?

PROSECUTION OF THE ROYAL BRITISH BANK DIRECTORS.

THE Royal British Bank Exhibition has closed for the season, after having displayed, for the instruction of the world, some of the choicest specimens of knavery which have ever been brought together. People have been anxiously inquiring when the distinguished exhibitors are to receive the rewards to which their talent and industry have entitled them. A very powerful report on the general character of the candidates, and on the peculiar ingenuity for which they are remarkable, has been promulgated by Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD, and it now rests with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to show how far the Government will recognise the extraordinary qualities which have been developed by those gentlemen. It has already been announced that some at least of the directors will be brought to the bar of the Old Bailey; but it still remains to be decided who are to be the objects of the prosecution, and certainly it is a task of some delicacy to discriminate between the different degrees of proficiency attained by the various officials. Some are inclined to award the highest place to the lucrative piety of Mr. Manager CAMERON. Others are more impressed by the magnitude of the transactions of Mr. HUMPHRY BROWN. For ourselves, we confess that we feel the greatest admiration for the respectable members of the Board, who contrived to take part in all that was going on, without ever soiling the irreproachable cleanliness of their hands, or giving a single twinge to their most sensitive consciences. But we own it is difficult and invidious to select any one or two from so distinguished a body for especial notice, and we are disposed to sympathize with the general feeling that all ought to be decorated with the same mark of national appreciation.

The strong interest of the public in the revelations which Mr. LINKLATER has evoked was rather curiously manifested a few days ago in the House of Commons. Before the papers connected with the affair could possibly have reached the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, Mr. CONINGHAM requested that learned functionary to say at once whether the Government had resolved to institute a prosecution. The answer was all that could well be given at the time—that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, as soon as he should receive the documents, would lose no time in investigating the matter with all the professional aid which he could obtain. An observation which was perhaps unnecessarily added, was rather unfairly—and, as it now appears, quite erroneously—caught at as an intimation that the law officers of the Crown were not disposed to direct any criminal proceedings at all. What the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said, however, was no more than might be said of almost any remarkable criminals—namely, that the publicity given to their case in the press might possibly stand in the way of their obtaining a fair trial so long as the public mind remained in its present excited state. We have often regretted the extent to which accusations, resting perhaps entirely on circumstantial evidence, are commonly promulgated by the daily press. At the present moment, no one seems to doubt the innocence of the man BACON on the charge of murdering his children; and yet, before the trial, the papers teemed with paragraphs in which his guilt was assumed to be conclusively established. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL might, with some justice, have directed his reproof to cases of that description, though, under any circumstances, it seldom happens that a jury is materially influenced by the preliminary judgments of the *Times*. But the rebuke of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was curiously *malapropos*, when applied to the charges against the Directors and officers of the Royal British Bank. They at least could not suffer more by any comments on their conduct than by the verbatim report of their own examinations in the Bankruptcy Court. It is affectation to pretend that there is any substantial question for a jury to try.

The facts which are supposed to constitute criminality are beyond all question, and the only point to be decided is one of law, with which the prejudices of a jury and the excitement of the public would have absolutely nothing to do. If we take for granted that the Directors of the Royal British Bank have done what Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD, after a patient investigation, declares that they have done, and assume that the transactions which appear in the books of the unlucky bank are not likely to be disproved by extraneous evidence—even if we go so far as to intimate that the peculiar proceedings to which the officials have confessed did actually occur—we don't think that we are pre-judging any question which can possibly be raised on the trial of the delinquents. If ever there was a case in which comment before trial must be perfectly innocuous, it is this very one in which the reports of the press have given special umbrage to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. We believe, nevertheless, that Sir RICHARD BETHELL never intended to shelter himself behind the poor excuse for inaction which his words were thought to suggest, and that his present resolution has been taken without much reference to the opinion of the *Times*. Nothing more, we believe, was meant than a snub (not altogether undeserved) to the impatience which prompted Mr. CONINGHAM's premature interpellation.

There was, in fact, a question of some nicety to be determined before the Government could decide on the propriety of a prosecution. The criminal law is confessedly defective in the repression of fraud; so much so, indeed, that a bill has just been introduced by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL himself for the express purpose of rendering certain frauds by trustees and directors subject to the punishment which they now escape. It is not quite certain whether the law, as it stands, can effectually reach the offences of these directors. That it ought to visit such crimes is beyond all question, and we think we may say that it will soon be enabled to do so; but however indignant we may feel at the audacity of the fraud, we must be content with the redress which the actual state of the law may afford. Two grounds have been suggested on which it is thought that the prosecution ought to succeed. One of these is greatly relied on by the Bankruptcy Commissioner, and is supported in his elaborate judgment by a formidable array of legal authorities. The substance of his reasoning is as follows:—The Banking Act enacts that the deed of partnership of every company incorporated under it shall contain certain provisions for the conduct of their business. The deed of the Royal British Bank was accordingly framed with the prescribed clauses. The governing body has systematically violated many of the directions which were thus, in pursuance of the statute, inserted in their deed of constitution. The breach of these regulations is, according to Mr. Commissioner HOLROYD, equivalent to the breach of an express injunction of the Statute itself, and the breach of a Statute of a public character is punishable as a misdemeanour. Without entering into a tedious legal discussion, we may venture to doubt whether these positions can be sustained. Even if they were sound in law, the real offence of the Directors was not that they neglected certain specific regulations in their charter, which might be done, and perhaps is done by many companies, without any serious moral criminality at all. The guilt charged is that of swindling the shareholders and the public, and if this cannot be reached by punishment, it would be but a poor satisfaction to convict the Directors of some technical offence which may have been one of the least important items in the catalogue of their misdeeds.

A much more promising view of the possibilities of a successful prosecution is that which rests on the doctrine of conspiracy. The English law, which in all other respects is remarkable for its rigidity, seems to forget its own principles when it contemplates the crime of conspiracy. Nothing can be more elastic than the definitions of this offence, and while multitudes of grave wrongs are left untouched by punishment, if committed by a single criminal, there is scarcely any injury which results from the concerted action of two or three associates which may not be brought within the scope of the criminal law. Even on a charge of this description, the fact that the concert between the offenders may be attributed to the positions which they occupied as co-directors, independently of any fraudulent scheme, may possibly throw some difficulty in the way of the prosecution. There can be no doubt, however, as to the propriety of at least attempting to bring such flagrant offenders to punishment. The received

maxim, that a Government prosecution ought not to be attempted without something like a certainty of a successful issue, is reasonable enough when applied to charges of treason or sedition, where the failure of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL would give a dangerous triumph to the disaffected party, against whose leaders the prosecution may have been directed. But in the present case there is no risk of overmuch exultation, even in the event of an acquittal, and a very moderate prospect of securing a conviction is sufficient to justify the utmost efforts of the Government to check, by a salutary example, the rapidly increasing development of commercial fraud.

THE BUSHIRE SUICIDES.

THE signs of a civilization somewhat over-ripe are upon us. We have attained a stage which hitherto it has only been permitted to such a country as Japan to reach. There, every official miscarriage is punished with death; and it is the point of honour in Nippon for the inculpated chief of a department to anticipate a court martial by ripping himself open. In some respects, we have advanced upon the Oriental model, for even our successful generals avert, by the fatal method of Japan, that martyrdom of criticism, misrepresentation, and calumny with which the British press pursues our public servants. The deaths of General STALKER and Commodore ETHERSEY constitute a page in our public annals the most discreditably since the murder of Admiral BYNG. In some aspects, it is worse. Then, the national heart collapsed under the sense of panic fear, and, in a fit of inexplicable yet not unparalleled popular frenzy, England could only recover her serenity by a libation of blood. That case was exceptional. But here, our General and Commodore are the victims of a system. It is the rule of a certain portion of public opinion, as reflected and represented especially by the *Times* newspaper, that our generals and admirals must be subjected to a deliberate course of slander and vituperation, under which all but the very sternest minds falter and break down. The authors of the attacks upon the military authorities in the Crimea are, we fear, indirectly responsible for the deaths of STALKER and ETHERSEY. Those unhappy gentlemen owe their fate to the system which produces "Our Own Correspondent." It is a melancholy spectacle that England should thus hunt her captains to death; and we own that, among present humiliations, we know of none which equals it. But, frightful as it is in itself, it leads to worse fears for the future. It will make military command impossible. We send our generals into action with halters on their necks. The only alternative we give them is either to shoot the commander of the enemy or themselves. Like the Spartan shield—"This, or on this"—we label our officers' bullets, "Either in an enemy's head or your own." In the very first war after the Crimean criticisms, the chief officers break down under the sense of responsibility. Although in every particular successful, they could not face the terrible, because distant, possibility of future failure. The *Times* leaders—the attacks, in and out of Parliament, on Lord RAGLAN, General SIMPSON, and General CODRINGTON—Mr. ROEBUCK's committee—the furious howl with which newspaper readers hounded on newspaper critics—these were the phantoms which surrounded poor STALKER's tent at Bushire. He and ETHERSEY are the first—may they be the last—victims of the Japanese system of official responsibility.

The great culprit in this matter finds it convenient to be silent on the fatal testimony against itself. It is to the *Daily News*—not to the *Times*—that we are indebted for the evidence taken on these inquests at Bushire. In STALKER's case, Captain JONES deposes to the General's "expressing the greatest anxiety about getting his men under cover"—the very identical point, be it remarked, on which so much was said in the Crimea. "This formed the chief topic of all his notes, as he was impressed with the idea that, should they not be sheltered in time, all the blame would attach personally to him. At breakfast" on the fatal morning, "this was his subject. In his conversation he seemed to be weighed down with the cares of responsibility." Colonel YOUNGHUSBAND says the same:—"General STALKER has frequently expressed the greatest anxiety; he felt most uncomfortable on the subject of getting the troops under cover, and felt that he was the person who would be held accountable for it. With the exception of this, nothing else preyed on the General's mind." Captain HUNTER, though he alludes to "other causes of a private nature," testifies "to the deep impression

made on the General's mind by the responsibility devolving on him." In ETHERSEY's case, it is just the same thing—"a great sense of responsibility, coupled with a presentiment." STALKER's suicide, of course, prompted ETHERSEY's. He himself says so:—"Heard of poor STALKER's melancholy death. His case is similar to mine. He felt he was unequal to the responsibility imposed on him. . . . I feel that I am unequal to the responsibility. I have no longer any confidence in my own judgment. Anything for which I am responsible unnerves me." But it is superfluous to multiply these melancholy details. The verdict sums them up, in attributing this gallant man's unhappy death to "long-continued anxieties connected with the duties of his command."

After all, however, the circumstances were not very trying. We have had Indian expeditions before now serving in hot weather, and yet it is a novelty that the chiefs of the two services, the general and commodore, should almost simultaneously commit suicide. The responsibility was not so oppressive. There was no check or disaster whatever. The expedition was an entire success. Both STALKER and ETHERSEY were superseded, but it was by their senior officers, and by the ordinary rules of the service. Each had been tried, and had not been found wanting. In the moment of action they did not quail under responsibility—duty fired and animated them. It was only in the quiet tent, pondering over "what they would say in England"—and knowing that in England it was the rule to make no allowances, not to think the best, and to give no credit to a man for doing his best—that they broke down. What was it, in a word, that unmanned them, but certain recollections of certain discussions about hutting troops in the Crimea, and the transport service at Balaklava? It was neither the Persian fire nor the Persian sun, but the CLEON and the agora at home, which broke those gallant hearts.

And, as though to complete the illustration of this miserable system, the news arrives just in time to check our full enjoyment of the critical slander in another famous case. Our Own Correspondent is at this very moment repeating his enlightened criticism, for so many shillings a-head, at a concert-room, and the suicides at Bushire are the commentary on his spirited and dramatic performance. We question neither the taste nor the pecuniary success of this entertainment. A man can but trade with such capital as he has. If the wares sell, he cannot be much blamed for parting with his opinions on the art and practice of war at a high price. Mr. RUSSELL is at bottom, by all accounts, so good a fellow, that we only regret that a gentleman should be committed to such a system. What its results on General ASHBURNHAM, or on any future captain, may be, we dare not prognosticate. If, in his case, the public repents of its injustice, it is only after having thoroughly enjoyed and digested the crime. We make amends, but it may come too late. General STALKER, we are assured—and this in the columns of the recognised libeller—could not have been harassed to death and terrified into suicide, because he was a man of "a singularly placid and unimpassioned temperament." What General ASHBURNHAM may be as to mental fibre, we are not informed; but at all events, he will know what to expect at home, and he will have the contagious example of the double tragedy at Bushire. We believe and trust that he has too much self-reliance, and too much vigour of character, to be influenced by these melancholy precedents. But it is possible that he may first hear of them when prostrated by the climate, or distracted by the disasters which are sure to meet him in China. How many generals and admirals can we afford to lose before we find out that the public service and the present line of public criticism on military and naval men cannot go on together?

History happily presents but few instances of military chieftains terminating their lives by suicide. There is one in the case of HIMILCO, a Carthaginian commander; and in certain barbarous countries of antiquity it was the practice to crucify all unsuccessful generals. But we have precedents—and they are disastrous enough—for fettering the responsibility of military chiefs. In Carthage, the General was hampered with a commission from the Senate, which attended him in the field. Much of the inactivity in MARLBOROUGH's wars was attributable to the Dutch Commissioners; and it was only the strong will of the French captains, after their successes in the Revolutionary War, which dispensed with the incumbrance of commissioners from the Convention. Politicals attached to an army are the standing curse of Indian warfare. In the Crimea, no small part of our disasters was attributable to the fatal connexion with home

established by the telegraph. Our newspaper criticism on operations in the field amounts, in fact, to a perpetual Commission of non-combatants, thwarting and interfering with the Commander-in-Chief—a Commission the more dangerous because entirely irresponsible. Every man must break down under responsibility, unless he has confidence in himself; and confidence is impossible in the face of such criticism as it is the fashion to dignify by the name of "interesting intelligence" from the seat of war.

EASTERN AND WESTERN ELLENBOROUGH.

QUALIS ab incepto! Lord ELLENBOROUGH has all his life shown himself a very useful and plodding, though it may be somewhat matter-of-fact, prosaic, and unimpressive public servant. If he has a failing, it is diffidence. With difficulty lured from his modest retirement by that prize which inferior men have panted after—the Governor-Generalship of India—he carried into that exalted office those merits (may we add those defects?) which have all along stamped his administrative life. Wisely doubtful of the policy of reckless conquest, watchful of the public purse, spare of speech, prudently apprehensive of the risks of an over-fluent tongue and of the pitfalls of glittering eloquence, he centered his work in the office at Calcutta. The internal economics of Bengal were his study—retrenchment his delight—and peace his mania. The hot-headed Court of Directors could, however, little brook such unshowy talents. Their ideal Governor-General was a provincial NAPOLEON—no matter how provincial, if only a NAPOLEON. Their imaginary Government House was the battle-field, no matter how little of strategy their Viceroy might possess. Their typical form of proclamation was that method of composition in which, of later days, General CODRINGTON has shown himself so apt a pupil. Accordingly, they recalled their hard-working, plain-speaking, if somewhat prosaic representative in India—really for no greater offence than the very trivial economy of having procured a pair of worm-eaten doors, some centuries old, for a place of worship of the established religion of India, when he might have ordered, at the cost of a few rupees, the finest specimen of modern teak-work which northern India could afford.

We have dwelt on these portions of the past career of the wise and mild Lord ELLENBOROUGH, because in him we see that rare virtue of a statesman—consistency. Without such a retrospect, the patriotic attitude which he assumed in the House of Lords on Friday week might not be half appreciated, and the courage which he showed in that conversation upon the rebuilding of the public offices might have been taken for crotchettiness. The arguments with which he settled the much-puffed BERNAL and SOULAGE Collections as stuff, over which he had wasted half-an-hour, might have been attributed to temporary self-reproach at such a profligate waste of his irrevocable minutes. The breadth of administrative capacity and lordly grandeur of idea which counselled the public departments being lodged "upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber," locking the Prince of WALES out of Marlborough House, and edging Her Majesty out of her Palace of St. James's—instead of being seduced by the pernicious counsels of amateurs and architects to build a public domicile in which to do the public work—might have been deemed but a splenetic effort to show how far superior his notions were to those of BENJAMIN the MAGNIFICENT. But, viewed in the glass of history, all is intelligible, all is consistent. ELLENBOROUGH, the stoic of India, has become in green old age ELLENBOROUGH the censor of artistic magnificence in palatial London. So great is ELLENBOROUGH the Retrencher, that the lesser critics of our day have overlooked his large-minded plans in those of his inferior follower, Lord MALMESBURY. From Lord MALMESBURY we would not willingly detract an iota of praise, but he pales before this most august patriot. Lord MALMESBURY only proposed to leave the water in St. James's Park dirty and fetid, with the awful deficit of 11,500*l.* staring him in the face. Lord ELLENBOROUGH's Spartan virtue would plant the public offices in borrowed lodgings—dirty, scattered, small, ill-arranged, distant from Parliament, inconvenient, and insufficient. "*A tout seigneur tout honneur!*"

MILITARY EDUCATION.

A CONSIDERABLE effort is being made at this moment to direct public attention to the subject of military education. There is undoubtedly ground for this. It is hardly too much to say that the country, two years ago, was almost beside itself from the difficulty which Mr. Sidney Herbert stated

so pithily in the McNeill and Tulloch debate, that we "never know how to find our best officers." Scarce a day then passed without some thundering denunciation in leading articles against the want of scientific training in the army. The great French schools of St. Cyr, the Staff School, the Polytechnique, were the subjects of warm admiration from "Our Own Correspondents;" and it was confidently prophesied that, whatever injury the war might inflict upon us, it would at least open our eyes to the fact that no bravery in soldiers can supply the want of high professional science in officers. It seemed as if the War Office itself was at last penetrated by this conviction. A Commission was issued by Lord Panmure, with the avowed object of inquiring into the state of military education in foreign countries, and of reporting "all facts of importance with reference to military education." This Report is a very ample one. It amounts to no less than a full account of the military education of all the great Powers, Russia only excepted. It was moved for last session by Lord Ellenborough, and it has been recently discussed largely by most of our contemporaries.

Meanwhile, a change of tone is perceptible on this subject, which is natural and excusable enough on the part of the public, but indicative of a curious lethargy in the Government. The country tacitly agrees to draw a veil over many of the shortcomings of the war. Our army is too small to fix the public attention, as it does in France and Austria; and a feeling prevails (a most unhappy one, indeed, and to which many of our recent failures were attributable) that it is a kind of property belonging to the patronizing classes—in fact, their last hope and refuge. The encouragement, therefore, of scientific merit as a ground for promotion is scouted as absurd among the grandees of the Horse Guards, though, if we may judge from the tone of the military newspapers, a widely different spirit exists among the unpatronized rank and file of the officers—men keenly sensible of the crying injustice of a system which offers no career to energy and talent. This general supineness, however, is the very opportunity which the Prime Minister loves. He has already shown how he means to use it. He told Mr. Palk the other day, that it was mere folly to talk of educating English officers like those of other countries, for that it was our proud insular prerogative to be a "fighting, not a military nation"—a kind of military bruisers, who might look down upon that science of war in which Frederick and Napoleon trained their soldiers.

Such is the present state of a question of no small moment as it affects the army, and, indeed, the upper classes at large. The country forgets its importance—the Prime Minister shirks it—the Horse Guards throws out a tub or two to the whale, and opposes a quiet *vis inertiae*—the press alone has done a good deal towards rousing the House of Commons to go thoroughly into the subject. For ourselves, we feel it to be a grave one; and though it is a matter of wide compass, we can at least place its salient points before our readers.

There is a sound in the words "military education" which alarms a civilian who is not behind the scenes. We think at once of revetments, parallels, and counterscarps, and are as much afraid of touching the subject as we should be of handling a live shell. Far be it from us to deny that its mysteries are as deep as those of any other science; but the real question is one of the simplest common sense, and yet upon this the whole difficulty (as it is called) of military education turns. The question is, "Ought our officers to know the science of war at all, and can they be expected to do so unless you offer some reward to those who are most successful in studying it?" Persuade the authorities to answer this rightly, and *con amore*—not merely to give an "otiose assent" to the principle—and the question of military education is settled. On the other hand, the refusal to settle it is really based on the assumption that there is no such thing as a science of war at all—that the only requirements for officers are pluck and good riding, and that patronage is too pleasant to be dispensed with. And yet there is no civilized nation in existence, military or not, which does not both offer opportunities and demand proofs of high scientific knowledge from a large portion of its officers, with the sole exception of England. We say this universally, with no fear of contradiction. America has no exception; for the education for the staff at West Point is excellent. It is superfluous to make the same assertion with respect to the great military Powers of the Continent; but the Report of the Commissioners has brought out a curious additional fact—that failures in war have ever been the chief stimulus to military education, and that France, Prussia, and, in a remarkable manner, Austria have always been wise enough to take a lesson from their disasters. Thus the Polytechnic School,* of whose origin the Report gives an interesting account, was created mainly with the object of supplying scientific officers in the early wars of the Revolution. The Prussians† began their elaborate system of military education immediately after Jena, under the direction of their great scientific officer Scharnhorst; and, what is most significant of all, the admirable Staff School‡ of Austria, conducted upon principles of the most thorough, and at the same time rational competition, has been entirely created since the imminent dangers of the last Hungarian war.

In all these countries, there is nothing recondite in the education given—nothing that can be sneered at as Continental or un-

English. It simply consists in applying to the army those broad and acknowledged principles of education which in England are applied to all professions except the army. Every country carefully instructs a large portion of its young officers, before they enter the service, in such military studies as may enable them to unite the practice with the science of their profession; and every country opens its army honours to competition. With national varieties as to the manner, there is no difference as to the principle. France and Prussia, indeed, require (and, as it seems to us, very wisely) only two years of special professional teaching before entering the army—in Austria and Sardinia, on the other hand, four or five years are the rule. In all countries, however, the opportunity of a higher scientific instruction is supplied to officers desirous of competing for the Staff; and in every case, except that of France, an officer must have passed three or four years in the service before he can compete for the Staff School.

Such are the bare outlines of military education—not "foreign military education" merely, but such education as no country aspiring to the smallest eminence in arms can afford to slight. They include a short but strict professional training before entering the army, a high training for the staff after entrance, and thorough-going competition as the law both for the earlier and the later school. It will be remarked that it is not made imperative for every officer to pass through the earlier school. We don't want every officer to be a scientific soldier—what we do want, is a certain portion from whom to pick our generals. Two years, moreover, are enough for this earlier training; and we may thus enable a young officer to retain the advantages from great public schools which, if the choice lay between the two, we would not sacrifice for all the military colleges in Europe. As it is, combine the advantages of both, and we secure for the young officer at once the best education for a man and the best training for a soldier.

We have gone into this subject at some length, because it is both a new and a large one. In such a case, some introductory matter must be excused. We shall take an early opportunity of considering other points, both in the history of military education and in the plan proposed by the Commissioners.

LORD OVERSTONE'S TRACTS.

A COLLECTION of tracts and other writings originally published, at various intervals, during a period of twenty years, affords as severe a test as can well be imagined of the soundness of their author's general views. There are very few men who have written extensively on any subject of general and growing interest whose accumulated works would not display a serious amount of incongruity. This is, perhaps, especially true of a subject like the currency, which, although it rests on definite scientific principles, holds out temptations to indulge in paradoxes and fallacies which many, even among the high authorities on such topics, have been unable to resist. There are writers who have recently come forward to instruct the public, who might find in their own earlier productions the refutation of their later errors; and it is only those who have seized with a strong hold upon the essential doctrines which lie at the root of every discussion on the currency, who can safely allow a long series of isolated disquisitions and reflections on monetary affairs to be gathered into a single volume.

Next to the luminous clearness of Lord Overstone's style, which is most refreshing on a subject which is sometimes made as dry as dust and ashes, the distinguishing merit of his tracts is the steady consistency with which the same broad and really simple views are maintained throughout. From the first sketch, which bears the date of 1837, down to the last letter of "Mercator," which appeared quite lately in the *Times*, the whole volume reads like a continuous treatise. If the general doctrines which Lord Overstone has so long advocated did not rest on a sound basis, we believe that the harmony which prevails throughout his collected tracts would have been quite unattainable. A plausible theory may be worked into shape by any ingenious speculator, so as to give an apparently rational account of a special set of circumstances; but the real test of its soundness is to see whether the explanation devised for the events of one period will suffice to account for very different circumstances which were not contemplated when the theory was first propounded. The currency doctrines held by the school to which Lord Overstone belongs have come out triumphantly from this ordeal.

Until just before the resumption of cash payments in 1819, abstract theorists on the currency had been regarded with something like contempt by those who claimed to be the only practical teachers on a subject which they invested with a wonderful amount of mystery and confusion. Since that time the growth of sound theory has been continuous and progressive, and few have contributed to the result more than the author of these tracts. Lord Overstone's practical experience has tempted many to listen to expositions of theoretic views which would at once have been denounced as heretical innovations, if they had proceeded from any of the philosophers proper who had not had the same opportunities of testing their principles in the conduct of actual business. In the "Remarks on the Management of the Circulation," which was published in 1840, Lord Overstone gives a graphic sketch of the progress of opinion on the special functions

* Vide Report on Military Education, pp. xi. and 6.

† Report, p. xiii. pp. 86, 120.

‡ Report, p. xvi. pp. 160, 180.

of Banks of Issue, and the essential relations between a paper and a bullion circulation. It is satisfactory to trace the gradual progress from vagueness and complexity to the simple and definite axioms which are now recognised by almost all who have investigated the subject. Just as the cloud of Protectionist sophisms gradually cleared away in the light of the simple truth of Free Trade principles, the mists which still hang about the Currency question are vanishing before the simple ideas which the discussions of the last twenty or thirty years have developed. Gainsayers still remain in sufficient abundance, but it is impossible to read the history of past controversies without recognising the advance which has already been made towards scientific principles, and indulging a not unreasonable hope that the time is fast approaching when the hazy delusions of the Alison school will be as completely out of date as the obsolete theories of Protection to native industry.

Matters for discussion will doubtless never be wanting in a department of political science which deals with transactions so varied and complex as those connected with the monetary system of the country. There will always be room for some differences of opinion in the application of the first principles of such a science to the passing events of the day. But the leading doctrines themselves have now gained so firm a footing, that there is little fear of their being again displaced by the errors which still survive in some influential quarters. The chief obstacle to a general recognition of the really simple truths which form the foundation of monetary science has been the distaste generally felt for a subject which is supposed to be surrounded by the most formidable difficulties. It would, perhaps, be going too far to deny that there is anything abstruse about it; but we may safely say that it needs no extraordinary effort to appreciate its primary doctrines, however much intricacy may be found in tracing them to their ultimate consequences. The pioneers who have prepared the way for later students have laid bare the grand features of the country, and we know of no work in which these are more distinctly and agreeably mapped out than in the volume which we are now reviewing. We have purposely avoided entering into a discussion of subordinate points which may be legitimate subjects for controversy, because we are anxious to point out the special qualities on which the character of these essays depend. To write clearly and eloquently upon a subject which is too often made absolutely repulsive, is a merit which cannot be too highly appreciated; and when this is combined, as in the present case, with sound theoretical views and copious practical experience, there is little temptation to indulge in minute criticism. There are many who recoil with an almost instinctive aversion from any book which professes to discourse upon the subjects with which Lord Overstone's tracts are exclusively concerned. The notions of the great body of the commercial world will never become thoroughly sound until such prejudices have been pretty generally overcome; and any publication which promises to extend the study of such important and interesting topics deserves the most cordial welcome. This is pre-eminently the character of Lord Overstone's writings, which will, we hope, exercise, in their collected form, an influence at least as great as followed their first appearance in a more scattered shape.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

THE Judges of the Public Offices' Competition have the most difficult tangle to unravel which persons standing in their position have ever been instructed to take up. In the first place, they have to give a series of three graduated prizes for the best block plans for laying out the whole quarter of London in which the new buildings are to stand. This is comparatively plain sailing; but then comes the Foreign Office, and as regards this they have to purge their minds of the prejudices which they may have, rightly or wrongly, conceived in the former adjudication, and to select a Foreign Office, rising out of vacancy, on its own merits. By way of a slight parenthesis of trouble, they must shut or open their eyes, as the case may be, to the existence of different schools of art, and apportion seven premiums impartially to Classic and to Gothicism. But their work does not end here, for the same process has again to be repeated with the War Office, only rendered more complex from the recollections of the Foreign Office having to be excluded, as well as those of the block plans. If the judges literally obeyed their instructions, the public might find itself the happy possessor of a first-prize block plan of unequalled grandeur—of an Italian Foreign Office, premium No. 1, with nothing to be reproached against it except that no contrivance of man could ever hitch it into the unequalled block plan—and of a Gothic War Office, equally conspicuous for talent, with the slight drawback that its lines were just as askew when tried by the block plan, from precisely different reasons; while style, dimensions, and distribution of parts, all joined to make its combination with the Foreign Office a dream beyond the ken of the most buoyant imagination.

There will, of course, be the two secondary prizes for block plans, and the six respectively for the other offices, out of which ingenious and puzzled officials may indulge themselves in making any amount of permutations and combinations of confusion, with the certain result of bringing down the cross-fire of all the prizemen and all the prizemen's friends, whose views

have either been overlooked or honoured by a merely modified adoption.

Such would be the result if the judges followed literally the instructions which assigned three distinct schedules of prizes to the three branches of the work. But, practically, nearly every competitor went in for every branch, in a joint set of designs; and an easy way to cut the knot would be to lump merits, and assign the first three premiums for each of the offices, and the three for block plans, on an average of merit to the same three men, with just enough of variation to save an appearance of independence. Such, we say, would be the easy method of solving the intricacy. We do not say that it would be the fair one. As there are three distinct tenders of premium, *detur optimo* ought to be the absolute rule in each case, irrespective of the others, while the lumping system would have the subsidiary disadvantage of excluding the candidates who have only shown block plans. But in this case the judges are reduced to the dilemma of a trenchant injustice, or of a complex justice, which can only reduce the competition to inscrutable confusion.

We refuse to believe a rumour—which has, however, gained extensive currency—that the labour of selection is to be still further reduced by a secret understanding that no Gothic design is to have any hope of being selected for execution. We cannot believe that our administrators can be guilty of so unfair a determination—that they can have reconciled it to their consciences to invite the time, labour, and money of professional men (all very serious considerations to the competitors), under the colour of perfect fair play, yet with the mental reserve of disregarding the time, labour, and money of one whole school. Still, as a fact, this opinion does exist, and should be made known to the authorities. We could name architects who have won their spurs for mediæval architecture, but who have, in consequence, forced their tastes, and contributed against the grain in classical designs, while several leaders of the Pointed school abstained altogether.

For ourselves, being in no way responsible for the authorship of the instructions, or for the method in which they are to be carried out, we do not disguise our conviction that a Gothic design ought to be preferred for both offices. We have no intention of straying into the abstract question between the classical and the mediæval style. It is enough for us that the building which is to be raised is destined to be the complement of Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall, and that gorgeous Palace which Sir C. Barry has joined to them. The *onus probandi* lies with those who have fostered a contrary impression to show why this condition should not be absolute. We are certain that they can bring no arguments founded on abstract principles of proportion. The old pedantic, if not idolatrous, worship of the "Five orders," is a thing gone by with the Corn-laws and the rotten boroughs. If there be any preference one way or the other, as to considerations of convenience, it would probably be found to predominate in favour of a style founded on that of days when the House of Lords contained peers whose descendants still sit in the same House with the same titles, rather than on the style of Pericles and Hortensius. The notion that a Gothic palace need be more expensive than a classical one is a pure bugbear, and would never have been started had not the Houses of Parliament involved a large outlay, from the adoption in them of the Tudor style—the most expensive variety of Gothic—and the numerous variations which Sir C. Barry's plans had to undergo, as increasing knowledge of the style required modifications of the earliest executed portions of the building. Now the lesson has been learnt, and execution will prove easy, and, by comparison, cheap.

A pregnant, because unintentional, satire on the notion that Attic, Palladian, or Louis XIV., would be admissible in point of taste, is to be found in the contribution of that unluckily-ingenuous Frenchman who, in plan 134, has hitched Gothic windows into a classical mass. Having no fear, however, that this gentleman, whose style is truly described in the catchpenny guide-book as "entirely original," will get a prize, we proceed to the *bona fide* Gothic designs. We pass by such tenders as the mystic "Baphea" (24), who plants upon a really creditable block plan a superstructure resembling a Norwood villa seen in a multiplying glass—the stiff, cast-iron-like "Laboro et oro" (32), the tame "La chère Reine" (130), and the eccentric "Semper eadem" (106).

We are arrested for a moment, and only for a moment, by "Suaviter, fortiter" (54). This design exhibits considerable acquaintance with the luscious forms of French civic flamboyant; but, like its prototype, it wants dignity and self-respect; while the defects incident to the style exhibit themselves more conspicuously as the scale of the tendered building transcends that of those piquant relics which still genuinely represent that seductive, but not to be imitated, epoch.

After all, we find ourselves reduced to four designs—"Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle" (35), "Cymru" (140), "A vaillants cours rien impossible" (120), and the elaborate set of drawings (116) bearing the *spirituel* motto—

*Nec minimum meruero decens vestigia Græcæ
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta.*

We could, of course, name the authors of all these designs. Some at least have been published. But we refuse to countenance a proceeding which we cannot look upon as fair. We prefer still to live under the illusion (though illusion it be), that we are dealing with an anonymous competition, in which the judges can know, do know, and will know nothing but the merits

of the designs before them. For shortness, we shall use the numbers and not the mottoes.

No. 35 is dappled with imagery bold and graceful. What hand has drawn this time will show. But the building viewed in the mass carries simplicity into baldness. With the single exception of a slight elevation of roof at one angle, the tendered design offers no variation to the long, and rather low sweep of house-like and uniform roofing. The four-storied portion *semé* with trefoil-headed windows, partly arcaded and partly clustered, will, we fear, rather increase than carry off the feeling of depression which hangs over the whole structure after every allowance is made for its gracefulness of detail. Under a warm sun, with a cloudless sky, and flanked by the orange and the myrtle, in some quiet city of the past, it might arrest and keep entranced the lazily artistic eye of the pleased traveller; but for northern London and its bustling public offices, this conception palpably lacks nerve and sinew. No. 140 is very picturesque, and well massed up, albeit a little slight in parts, particularly the towers. For their own sake it would have been better if its authors (for they assume the plural number in their accompanying memoir) had confined their designs to the Foreign and War Offices. Their block plan shows want of engineering powers. We are afraid to state how many detached constructions, large and small, we counted as making up their general scheme for public offices. We the more regret this as some of their detail drawings, such as that of the sculptured decoration and of the noble staircase, are worthy of the highest praise.

Altogether, we are constrained to raise the two remaining competitors, 116 and 129, into the senior division of the first class. Be it rare felicity, or rarer judgment, in the hanging, these two designs occupy the right and left hand, directly facing each other, of the same compartment, and may, by a sharp-eyed man, be studied from the same standing-point. We are critics, and not panegyrists, and we therefore abstain from saying all that we think of either. Like 35, but with more of judgment, and like 140, but with more of completeness, each shows a careful study of Southern Pointed, and a large-minded transplantation into northern lands of those among its characteristics which our altered civilization demands. Each also shows the matured realization of that civic Gothic of which Teutonic liberty was the nursing-mother. And yet both designs, starting from common principles, and having the same definite aim in view, are more distinctively different in their treatment than perhaps any two other Gothic sets of designs in the Hall—for each is the production of a master hand.

No. 116 is the general map of modern palatial Gothic, on Mercator's, and 129 on the spherical projection. In 116 the façade is grave, measured, and regular, the windows duly spaced, the balance carefully adjusted, the gables pronounced, the corner turrets all supported by rectangular or polygonal substructures. The cornice is large, overhanging, and emphatic; and the attic, of a single story, has projecting dormers of stone. Inigo Jones's Palace of Westminster was not more regular, and still the Gothic feeling is dominant, but yet that feeling is of the possible Gothic of this age. No. 140, with an admirably compressed ground-plan as the starting point, grows upwards as the architecture of a Flemish town-hall of the fourteenth century might have done. The author's windows, irregular in the general elevation, fall naturally into their places if regarded singly. Some of them are boldly recessed, with discharging arches, spanning two stories; others on the third story are arcaded in a long range; while in this and in 116 alike, the practical objection to Gothic, as necessitating either casements or narrow sashes, is overleapt with a thoroughly successful boldness, through the adoption of the columnar in lieu of the mullioned system of window, allowing the play of the broadest sashes behind. 129 is almost Puritanical in avoiding gables—the roofs, nearly all hipped, rise with a gradual and varying slope to an altitude the boldness of which can be conceived when we say that these dormers—of the small excrescent sort, common abroad—crop out, in some parts of four, in others of three tiers high. At the same time, this length of recumbent roof strikes us as in itself somewhat too much hugged, and it will, we fear, not gain favour at first sight with the less expert judges. The cornice of 129 is as little apparent as that of 116 is boldly projected. The two designs run neck to neck in their application of coloured material in graceful but not obtrusive mosaic. In 116 the larger towers, of a broad rather than elevated character, rise regularly in the centres of the façades and are capped with high pyramidal roofs; while in 129 there is but a single lofty tower, with a high and enriched spire-like capping devoted to ventilation. In 116, as we have said, the angle turrets all stand upon substructures, while the author of 129 corbels many of them out of the angles of his building with a very picturesque effect. These turrets are a unique feature of this design. As unique and as picturesque are the corner staircases, with their sloping curve of windows for which 116 is so conspicuous. Each competitor shows rare felicity in his conception of an open columnar screen along a street line. Both designs, of course, labour under the inevitable burden of being restricted by the narrow-minded limitation of three stories, and both are planted, by the same law of necessity, where the river-side park ought to stand. No. 116 deals with these constraints by a palatial distribution of the whole prospective area, including a street of magnificent width and a grand public place

where Parliament-street now runs. The author of No. 129 boldly masses his structures together, and gives us, at all events, a river-side garden of undoubted grandeur, and open to the Park between Whitehall Chapel and Richmond-terrace, coming down to the Thames in a crescent form, and cleverly connected with the area of Trafalgar-square (to be recast as a circus) by a transverse street.

Nos. 116 and 129 are, to recapitulate, notable as showing the highest powers of the architectural mind. Each, viewed abstractedly, follows out its *motif* somewhat to an extreme. No. 116 is exceedingly regular, and 129 overlooks the restraints which London must impose on the architect who goes to work dreaming of Ypres or Lubek.

We care not for the premiums, for we are not judges. But we are nervously anxious about the actual building. Not to be a failure it must be Gothic, and it must be Gothic of the highest order of genius. Both 116 and 129 show the workings of masterly minds, while each has its faults and each would correct the other. The instructions to the architects have faults, which architectural genius can alone rectify. The Government is under no compulsion to employ the first prizeman, but it has the privilege of being, like a child, "alone in the dark." To save us from this catastrophe, we would recommend persuasion or command—we do not mind which—being employed upon the authors of 116 and 129 to join together, as the great masters of old did willingly or were constrained to do. By the joint efforts of the two men who have conceived two such designs, and with a more liberal *carte blanche* of instruction by which to mature their great idea, we might realize that Palace of Administration which England and London demand, and which England and London may, without crippling the nation's enormous revenues, make their own.

Next week we shall examine the best Classical and Italian designs. We have already said the worst we can of them—that they are not suited for their site. When we study them we shall strive to forget the site, and give them that abstract praise which, anywhere but on the spot for which they are proposed, they might deserve.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

II.

WHAT is most noticeable in the present school of British art is the level and somewhat commonplace character of its subjects. Our artists do not paint for immortality—for that immortality, at least, which depends on, or is connected with, the larger and higher range of historical and poetical materials. The great schools of Italy and Spain had advantages, to the loss of which modern art must adapt itself, in the *cyclops* of Christian legend, and in the faith which, even in scriptural subjects, made painting ancillary to devotion, and supplied fields and opportunities which are now closed. Pictures are now but a portion of domestic furniture. The home of painting is, with us, the house; and till our public buildings, our courts of justice, our halls of assembly, or (which is more distant) our churches, present distinct and higher occasions to the artist—that is, till the work calls out the worker's energies—we must be content to regret the casual and inadequate nature of the subjects illustrated. With the exception of landscape—the creation of modern taste, and perhaps its most appropriate, because really natural expression—and portrait-painting, one can only wonder why any subject is selected. On glancing round the walls of the present exhibition, one simply inquires what could have induced the choice of nine subjects out of ten. It seems—which is, perhaps, the fact—that the artists really have nothing to tell. It is not, as of old, that religion, or poetry, or patriotism fired the painter, but that, being possessed of certain gifts, he only looks for the subject which will best show off his individual and technical acquirements and characteristics. Very often it seems that the subject is the last thing thought of—so mean and trivial is it. Our painters have been laughed out of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Don Quixote*, and *Boswell's Johnson*, which were lately the British *Bibliotheca pictorum*; but their invention is still dismally poor, and, even when their manual skill is great, their subjects very undignified. We very sincerely regret that such gifts as they possess are so largely thrown away on meanness of subject. Here is Mr. Cope, for example, making shipwreck of his powers by descending to the most trivial incidents of family life. His canvases are addressed to *materfamilias*, and they gain the applause which he is not ashamed to aim at. In 172, "Breakfast-time—morning games"—the subject is well told, the accessories perfect. "Open your mouth and shut your eyes" is glorified—the lady's dress, the sparkling child-sister, and the Skye-terrier waiting for his turn—all are clever; but surely the whole thing is very silly, and unworthy of the R.A. Was such an incident worth telling, except, of course, on the chances (doubtless very considerable) of selling it? What aims at fifty thousand married ladies is sure to attract one bidder. The thing was very well for once, as when Mr. Cope painted, a year or two ago, his own baby child waiting for her dinner; but we cannot willingly consent that this meritorious artist should make these minor domesticities and chronicles of the nursery his *specialité*. 394, "Affronted," makes us simply angry. The poor little brat, with its sweet April face, indignation and innocence, passing fret, and evanescent sobbing, melting for a

kiss, all are so good and true that we only regret that this power in portraying the passionate struggle and mixed emotions of the human features should not be employed on more heroic and poetical subjects. The artist's mind is in his work; but such a mind ought to be on higher thoughts intent. And so, when a large subject is imposed upon him, he breaks down. 503 is the "Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers," and is intended for a public purpose. As a composition, the picture fails. It lacks central interest; and while several of the faces are well painted, the whole is staring and repulsive. The colour is chalky, and the waves and landscape are positively bad. We cannot say in what way Pastor Robinson offered his prayer; but being, as he was, an earnest man, we question whether he used this mountebank attitude, and it is certain that he was nearly fifty years of age at the time, and shattered in constitution. If this is our historical school, it is a very unworthy one. It seems to us that here Mr. Cope did not paint *con amore*; for the picture is as cold in feeling as in colour.

The place of honour in the Exhibition is, and in many respects worthily, filled by (138) Mulready's "The Young Brother." Here is the utmost harmony of colour in its very purest and yet brightest arrangement. It suggests just that sort of playful yet affectionate feeling into which even the devotional feelings of Italian art occasionally, and mostly in its later stages, merged. The child and virginal sister, and the happy true-hearted brother, are painted with that intense naturalism and real interest in the story, and in the sanctity of human affections, which in other days would have made the artist reproduce this feeling in a Holy Family, of which this picture is in many respects a counterpart. It almost mounts into devotional art, and, without a touch of the foppery on which the pre-Raphaelites are wrecking themselves, has an earnest nobleness of thought, combined with a careful elaboration approaching the conscientiousness of a miniature. The only fault is a slight absence of repose, arising from the not unnatural but complex attitude of the young man.

Wallis, the painter of the "Death of Chatterton" of last year, has sent two pictures. We consider him and Philip to have achieved the great successes of the present Exhibition. Of Wallis's two pictures, (501) "Montaigne in his Library" is by far the finest. It is very badly hung, discredibly so to the authorities; and we scarcely remember another fault of this kind. It recalls, and is evidently suggested by, the Van Eyck in the National Gallery—the mirror reproducing two out of the three windows, and the distant landscape seen through them, are copied from this source. The painter has scarcely caught the lady's character. She is not young, and though she may be "pure as light," we cannot judge of this quality, seeing that she sits in shadow. She was clearly an ancestress of Molière's *Précieuses*, but here she only looks stupid. There should have been an element of the coquette in her, else were she no Frenchwoman. There is, perhaps, a little—diffidence, shall we call it, or pedantry?—in telling so much of Montaigne's character by the mottoes, and even by the frame, though these mottoes are what Montaigne himself inscribed in his library. But Mr. Wallis evidently aims at something of the illuminator's method. He will sacrifice no aid to being understood. In his accessories, his satin and velvet and furniture, he emulates the rich German profusion and luxury of invention; and his summer sun lights up the sumptuous pile of Montaigne's dress and its glossy, purpling depth with intense splendour. But the painted glass is not transparent, and we think we detect a coarseness in the lady's right hand. All, however, is redeemed by the power of Montaigne's face—the *seigneur* elevating the *littérateur*, and this, again, redeemed by the satire, mocking self-compression. Montaigne is rendered in every part of his character—cynic and sceptic, the precursor of Voltaire, yet earnest and true. If he doubts everything, he is also suspicious of himself. In the attitude of a lecturer there is a proud humility, and yet a descending stateliness, and all clouded over by a certain self-distrust. But great as is this picture, we cannot think it of sufficient and large interest. It addresses itself to a small class; and there is probably not one person in ten thousand who can understand it or appreciate it. 458, the "Sculptor finishing Shakspeare's Stratford Bust," appeals to the ordinary educated English sympathies, and is good, but not so good as the "Montaigne." It has a large scope of meaning; and in bringing together, as accessories of this simple *atelier*, the Gothic corbels and a religious statue, together with an Italian model of the human muscles, Mr. Wallis, we presume, intended to indicate that meeting of the Old Art and the New which Shakspeare himself symbolized. There is much truthfulness in representing the sculptor of this famous bust as comparatively commonplace in character. He looks intelligent, but hardly equal to the great work which he has produced, instigated and encouraged by one of the poet's friends—Burbage is it, or Southampton?—but scarcely conscious of his own success. There is a touch of German humour in the sculptor's children and their art-school of toys. By the way, the creeper, with its scarlet flowers, was not in England *regnante Jacobo*—or we have mistaken the botany; and the dull Stratford landscape is below the mark.

Nos. 225 and 448, "The Prison Window" and "Charity at Seville," are, in their line, faultless; and that line is a high one. Mr. Philip has carefully won his way, and he declines, most honestly and honourably, to paint Spanish subjects without knowing Spain. Spaniards or Spanish tourists alone can

thoroughly appreciate these noble pictures. Their mere technical beauties, the depth and solidity of their colouring, and their strength of feeling, all can understand; but they are saturated with Spanish truth. The coarse, yet most picturesque, blanket, for such it is, of the beggar woman, painted with such truth of texture and tint, surviving only in Andalusia and the East, and her passionate earnestness of appeal, can only be thoroughly enjoyed by those who have paced the *calles* of Seville, especially that very arcade—every bay of it reeking and sweltering with the smell of *bacalao* and *tortillas*—where every frying-pan is lighted by, and lightens, the scorched and scorching eyes of its swarthy mistress—and where "chaff" unknown on this side of the Pyrenees from *Majo* and *Gilana* makes the air wholesome neither to eye nor ear. The only thing that strikes us as un-Spanish in 448 is, not the good *padre's* red umbrella, nor his hat—of which, however, the particular length fore and aft is not conveyed to English eyes—but that anybody should ask alms of a *padre* at all, not only on account of the impenetrability but the present poverty of the class. Yet in justice to the Spanish clergy, we must add, that the clerical is the only body in that country which does not invariably turn a deaf ear to that greatest curse on earth—the true beggar of Spain. Our sympathies are decidedly with the much-suffering, if Samaritan, parson, and so are really Mr. Philip's, and the incident betrays a little claptrap. Not so the "Prison Window." Here is real Spanish life—a woman true and Spanish in every inch of her body, and every detail of her dress, and in her deep passionate grief. And the feeling of the whole thing—the clutch of the wife's twining fingers, the stolid unconsciousness of the child, and the trusting affection of the father—all tell of that land of flame, Southern Spain. The accessories of this picture—the soldier (and it is Spain alone which can produce the stunted machine to which even a Belgian *brave* is heroic), the hag-like mother, with her maudering Oriental whine, the bag of provisions, the bread and *pimientos* (these are, however, in the "Charity"), are all certainly true to the full of Spain.

Scarcely inferior are Mr. Ansdell's pictures, 356, 534, 597. Of these, the last is the most ambitious. It is most truthful. The plough of the Roman period, and the fat alluvial soil of the Guadalquivir, guiltless of any more satisfactory cultivation, are exact—more so, we think, than the girl in 534. But to our taste, the "Mules drinking" (356), is the best of this excellent artist's triad. The Spanish ass, the noblest of his kind, drinks with an Oriental calm and satisfied delight which only a day in Andalusia can provoke. And in all these pictures we notice what is not so well suggested by Mr. Philip—the crisp, transparent, rarefied atmosphere, against which every object comes out in the sharpest outline. Mr. Lewis's "Syrian Scheik" (39) is inferior to his picture of last year—the "Meeting in the Desert." An oil-painter's water-colour drawings are often full of great vigour; but a water-colourist's oil-paintings—judging, at least, from this artist—are deficient in vigour. Mr. Lewis stipples and elaborates until he fidgets the soul out of his work. One admires the labour, but regrets the time spent—he should do more or less. Minuteness of this sort, even though it has high Flemish example, is almost fatiguing from its very success.

THE EARLIER ITALIAN SCHOOLS AT MANCHESTER.

THE speciality of the Manchester Exhibition is, as we have already remarked, that it is a picture-gallery of the highest class; and by their interest and importance the saloons dedicated to the paintings of the ancient masters seem to deserve the first place in a more detailed examination. The director of this department, Mr. G. Scharf, jun., has aimed at a chronological arrangement of the collection. The old pictures are hung in a noble suite of saloons and vestibules, which run parallel, on the south side, to the nave of the Palace. Beginning from the west end, which is entered from the great south transept, the end wall is occupied by the earliest Italian examples; and thence, on the right, or south wall, are disposed the representatives of the successive schools and masters south of the Alps, while the opposite wall is devoted to a like chronological arrangement of the specimens of Teutonic art. We believe it was originally intended to make the opposite sides balance each other more exactly—not merely in order of time, but by way of contrast in the characteristics of rival or contemporaneous schools. But it is obvious that, unless the available space were absolutely unlimited, such a scheme could not be very strictly carried out. Practically, the result is not unsatisfactory, and the broad distinction of northern and southern art, on the opposite walls, is exceedingly convenient. But, in spite of the area of the building, the wall-space is insufficient for the adequate isolation of each picture, or for the accurate demarcation of the works of schools or artists. The result is therefore only approximately successful—far better, indeed, than anything we have been used to in England, but still a long way removed from theoretical perfection. We cannot help regretting that the *coup-d'œil* of the unencumbered saloons, beautiful as it is, was not sacrificed to the practical advantage of additional wall-space which would be obtained by central screens, such as there are in the apartment assigned to Lord Hertford's pictures. Pictures, like statues, should be seen in comparative isolation, in order to be thoroughly studied or enjoyed. There are few paintings which do not suffer from too great proximity

to others of a different tone of colour, or of incongruous character and design; and we need not say that no picture, unless it was originally meant for a certain height, can be fairly seen except "on the line." But this is a luxury unattainable and perhaps undeserved except in the case of the most precious masterpieces of art; and it must be granted that small cabinets are unsuitable for a gallery which will only have a short existence, and which, it is to be hoped, will be visited during its brief span by vast assemblages of people. At Manchester, the stately grandeur of the long suite of rooms, filled with such choice pictures, is itself an education of the eye and the taste; and the light and colouring of the apartments are altogether charming. The general impression of the successive saloons not a little recalls the effect of the Munich Pinakothek, where the arrangement is also chronological; and, in particular, the brilliant but somewhat crude colouring of the cabinets containing the famous Boisseree Collection of early Teutonic art, and again, the harmonious flush and glow of the Rubens Room, find a parallel at Manchester.

And now to trace, in a rapid sketch, the development of painting as it is exemplified in the Art-Treasures Exhibition. The series begins with a few specimens of the most ancient fresco or encaustic work, among which is a curious fragment from the Temple of Juno at Rome, belonging to Lord Pembroke. And then follow a number of small early paintings, of a character more or less Byzantine, selected chiefly from the curious Kensington Gallery, in the possession of Prince Albert. These have little more than an historical interest; but they are necessary to prepare the way for the first Italian revival of art, inaugurated by Cimabue. Of this artist two questionable works are exhibited, borrowed from the collection at Christ Church, Oxford; and the early school of Siena is represented by selections from the above collection, and from the Roscoe pictures in the Liverpool Royal Institution. The best example of this rudimentary art is (13) "A Monastic Saint"—really St. Francis—by Margaritone d'Arezzo. We hasten to the more advanced school of Giotto. A magnificent triptych by this artist, representing the Coronation of the Virgin, occupies the post of honour on the end wall; and two fragments of fresco, belonging to the Liverpool Institution, and especially Lord Ward's "Last Supper" (17), and Lord Northwick's "Death of the Virgin" (18), should be examined as illustrations of his style. We pause next at the "St. John Baptist" (21), by Buffalmacco, from Christ Church, Oxford; and a beautiful gem by Taddeo Gaddi (24), belonging to the Rev. J. F. Russell, representing the Coronation of the Virgin, with four kneeling angels. The connexion between painting and illumination may be well studied in two precious examples of the latter art (29, 30), by Don Silvestro Camaldolese. Other names would arrest us by their celebrity, but the works assigned to them are but of commonplace interest. Orcagna, in particular, is inadequately represented, especially considering his great influence on Florentine art.

We pass on, therefore, to Spinello Aretino, of whom we find a very remarkable work, contributed by Mr. Layard. This is none other than a portion of his famous fresco representing the Fall of Lucifer. Mr. Layard, who has lately identified himself with the study of Christian art, in connexion with the Arundel Society, and who has shown in his new pursuit the same energy to which he was indebted for his successful researches at Nineveh, discovered this fresco among the ruins of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Arezzo, and made a prize of it. The portion which he saved is of great beauty, representing the upper part of St. Michael, with six of his angelic followers, in flying array, with serried lances. The foreshortening of one of the faces in this group is very singular; and the whole composition is remarkable for a certain calm grandeur, very different from the treatment which this subject would have received from the naturalistic school. It is impossible to value too highly the advantage of studying such fragments of fresco as this. The finest Italian works, especially of the earlier artists, were not wrought on portable materials, such as panel or canvas, but on the plastered surface of the constructional walls of churches or palaces. These, therefore, can never be moved, except in fragments, and must share the fate of the buildings which they adorn. Thus it is, for instance, with Correggio's dome at Parma, and the famous *Cena* of Milan, and the Loggie and Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, and the marvellous cloister of the Campo Santo of Pisa. No easel pictures do full justice to the powers of Raffaele; and still less to those of Michael Angelo, or Orcagna, or Benozzo Gozzoli, or the Beato Angelico of Fiesole. Take the last-named artist, excellently represented at Manchester by several pictures, including Lord Ward's "Last Judgment" (36), from the Fesch Collection. How little notion these paintings give of what that mystic artist achieved in the cells and corridors of St. Marco, at Florence, or in the chapel of Pope Nicolas in the Vatican, or in the Duomo of Orvieto! Hence the special value of a beautiful fragment of fresco, representing the head of our Lord in His Crucifixion, contributed (33) by Bishop Gillis. This may not be attractive at first sight, but it well repays close examination. The credit of still more marked progress, by the introduction of a more decidedly dramatic element in design and a more thorough imitation of nature, is assigned to the gifted Masaccio. He, again, cannot be known by easel paintings; but two or three striking heads, one of them a vivid portrait of himself (38), belonging to Lord Northwick,

grace the Manchester Collection. We cannot highly praise the specimens that are given of his pupil, the profligate monk Filippo Lippi; and we must pass over a number of characteristic but unimportant works of the early Florentines, before we pause again at a strange grotesque "Adoration of the Kings," by Sandro Botticelli (51), from Mr. Fuller Maitland's collection, and a far more noticeable work of the same artist (53), belonging to Lord Northwick, and representing, with great purity of feeling, the Virgin adoring her Divine Son as He lies on a bed of roses. No one will fail to observe the singular mystical picture by Cosimo Roselli (62), belonging to Mr. Fuller Maitland, in which our Lord, clothed in a long black dress, richly jewelled, is standing with outstretched arms over a chalice, while four saints kneel in adoration. It is a most curious picture—less interesting, however, so far as art is concerned, than the fine altar-piece by the same artist (63), contributed by the Rev. W. Davenport Bromley, from his celebrated collection at Wootton, Staffordshire. Another first-rate specimen of its school is Lord Ward's "Adoration of the Shepherds" (65) by Baldassare Peruzzi, which, however, comes out of its chronological place in the collection. Andrea Verrocchio, a better sculptor than painter, and most celebrated as the master of Leonardo da Vinci, is represented by an interesting "Holy Family" (69), belonging to Lord Westminster.

We are rather surprised that there has been no attempt to distinguish the great schools of Milan and Florence, in hanging the pictures of the epoch at which we have now arrived. Leonardo ought to have followed Verrocchio, and Raffaele should have come next to Perugino. We are left to trace out for ourselves the Milanese succession. Leonardo himself is not seen to advantage at Manchester; indeed, accredited pictures by this master are most rare. There are here, however, one or two sketches and a *replica* of the portrait of Mona Lisa, which convey but little notion of the artist's genius. But a striking portrait of his favourite pupil Beltraccio, himself no mean painter, must not be overlooked. It is numbered 82, and belongs to Lord Elgin. Hence the visitor should go to the first vestibule, where is hung, in a place far below its merits, one of the very choicest gems of the whole gallery (391 a)—a figure of St. Catherine between two angels, by Bernardino Luini, the most faithful inheritor of Leonardo's best manner. Nothing can exceed the delicacy, finish, and grace, of this lovely composition. The saint is reading a book, and her head, garlanded with lilies, bears an expression of extraordinary sweetness and serenity. The *ordonnance* of this picture vividly recalls the "Dispute with the Doctors" in the National Gallery, which, though formerly ascribed to Leonardo, is now more usually attributed to Luini. 389 and 390, a "Holy Family" and a "Marriage of St. Catherine," also bear the name of this graceful artist; and the latter especially is a very charming picture. Less excellent, but very instructive, are some other examples of the Lombard school—such as (392) a "St. Jerome" by Marco d'Oggione, an "Ecce Homo" by Andrea Solario (394), and a "Madonna with Saints" (396) by Beltraccio.

We now retrace our steps to the school of Umbria. Perugino is almost caricatured by the examples here exhibited under his name; but we may make an exception in favour of 75, a picture belonging to Lord Northwick, and representing the Virgin and Child enthroned between St. Jerome and St. Peter. Thus we come to Raffaele, any of whose best works, however, are not reasonably to be looked for in a collection borrowed from private English galleries. That very early work of the great painter (159), Lord Ward's "Crucifixion" will not be unnoticed, as full of promise in spite of its crudeness. Many of the other pictures exhibited under his name are more probably copies or repetitions. The Oakover Raffaele, for instance, a *replica* of the "Perla" of Madrid, is more likely an early copy by no less a painter than Giulio Romano. Lord Warwick sends a duplicate of the famous Louvre portrait of Joanna of Arragon; and Lord Cowper, the two "Holy Families" acquired by him at Florence. 140 is another beautiful "Virgin and Child" by Raffaele, from the Rogers Collection, now belonging to Mr. Mackintosh; and 144 is a charming pair of medallions, representing "The Annunciation," contributed by Mr. Vernon. The last pictures bearing the name of Raffaele which we shall signalize, are Mr. Farrer's fragment of a predella (146), representing "Our Lord on the Mount of Olives," Lord Pembroke's "Madonna with the Pink" (148), and Lord Scarsdale's *replica* (155) of the "Madonna del Passeggio."

Let us now turn to the great Bolognese, Francesco Francia. There is nothing of his at Manchester equal to the fine specimens in the National Gallery; but still there are five or six very admirable illustrations of his style. The Queen sends the "Baptism" (307), from Hampton Court; Sir W. Farquhar the "St. Roch" (306); Lord Northwick a "Virgin and Child" (308), which Dr. Waagen attributes to Lo Spagna; and Lord Ward a very beautiful "Holy Family" (310), which is a thoroughly characteristic composition. Of his succession, which was not destined to last long, there are specimens in No. 312, a "Conversazione" by Giacomo Francia, an "Annunciation" (314) by Lorenzo Costa, and an illumination of the "Agony" (313) by Timoteo della Vite, in the possession of Mr. Cornwall Leigh.

A capital picture, formerly in the Solly Collection, and now belonging to Lord Warwick (91), representing the "Legend of

the Cintola," and ascribed to the joint labour of Raffaele and Fra Bartolomeo, introduces us to the latter artist—the most distinguished disciple of the art-reform of Savonarola. No. 93 is a very pretty little picture of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," by this religious painter, lent to the Manchester Palace by Mr. Darby; and No. 92, Lord Cowper's "Holy Family," is a delicious specimen of his style. It is strange to think that an artist so different in the bent of his genius as Michael Angelo ever shared Fra Bartolomeo's sympathy with the stern Dominican reformer. Observe the bold design, but the unrefined naturalistic feeling—to say nothing more severe—of No. 114, a "Venus and Cupid" by Pontormo, from Hampton Court, exhibited by the Queen, of which the sketch is said to be Michael Angelo's. An unfinished "Holy Family" (100), with four angels bearing scrolls, belonging to Mr. Labouchere, though bought as a Ghirlandaio, is now esteemed by connoisseurs as a youthful specimen of M. Angelo's own handiwork, and should be carefully examined.

We cannot attempt to finish, on this occasion, our sketch of the Italian schools of painting, as illustrated at Manchester. But before we conclude our present notice, we must bring the school of Venice to the same relative epoch, in the person of Giovanni Bellini, as is represented in other successions of art by the great painters whom we have mentioned. Of Andrea Mantegna, to whom the Venetians owed much, we found no specimens in the Gallery; nor any examples of the Vivarini, or other ornaments of the school of Murano, excepting the "Holy Family" (109) by Antonio Vivarini, one of the few pictures comprised in the Soulages Collection. The same collection contains (1097) a striking portrait of a Dominican monk by Giovanni Bellini; and a very remarkable scene, representing Our Lord in his Agony (196), by the same artist, contributed by the Rev. W. D. Bromley, will be studied with great interest. To this must be added the "Conversazione," by the same hand (109), formerly in the Rogers Collection, and now belonging to Mr. Anderdon. In a future paper we must endeavour to follow the full development of the Venetian style of colouring in Giorgione and Titian, and then to trace the gradual decay of all the great Italian schools, without exception, to the universal decrepitude of art in the eighteenth century.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

IT might have been thought that the London public would have been satisfied with one *Traviata*. Apart from the special attractions with which Madlle. Piccolomini has invested the erring heroine, the opera has little to recommend it—as little, indeed, as most of Verdi's other productions. But notwithstanding noisy accompaniments, platitudes, and crudities, by which the musical ear is perpetually wearied, Verdi seems now to have completely won the hearts of the opera-goers. Here and there occur ideas which, if worked out in a musicianly manner, might give him a high rank among composers. But these generally lead to disappointment, and are merged in the mass of musically worthless stuff of which the bulk of his operas consists. *La Traviata* abounds in such inequalities. The short introductory movement is solemn and thoughtful, and raises our expectations of what is to follow. The song "Libiamo" has an intoxicating sweetness, which an ancient Sybarite would have appreciated—it is redolent of the sentiment, "Let us drink and love, for to-morrow we die." The songs "Un di felice" and "Ah fors'è lui" both contain phrases of tenderness and passion which will continue to ring in the ear. There is a strange tragic wildness about the "Addio" in the last act. It is difficult to hear without emotion the simple notes in which the dying penitent shrieks her adieu to the world and to the dreams of her childhood. Such snatches as these are, perhaps, the explanation of the influence which Verdi exerts, notwithstanding the worthlessness of the rest of the music in the midst of which they are found.

Madlle. Bosio does not attempt to overdo the part of Violetta. There is no strain or exaggeration of its painful features, but there is much in her performance strongly calculated to awaken sympathy. A trace of solemn melancholy is visible from first to last. Even in the earlier and joyous scenes there is a foreshadowing of the terrible end which is to follow. Her rendering of the music is finished and careful throughout.

Signor Mario's Alfredo is in many respects a performance worthy of his powers and reputation, but we could wish a little more refinement as well in action as in singing. Alfredo is no noisy Bacchanalian, and the song "Libiamo" is one of peculiar smoothness and delicacy for a drinking-song.

The part of the elder Germont, a most thankless one, falls to Signor Graziani, whose fine voice does something to relieve the tediousness of the music.

In so small a theatre as the Lyceum, the imperfections of the Verdian style of instrumentation sometimes become disagreeably manifest. In the song "Ogni suo aver," Mario's voice at the second and fourth bars of the air is completely drowned by the crash of the orchestra, and the unpleasant effect produced. We must add, however, that the opera was received with unequivocal satisfaction by the audience, and the getting-up of the whole is highly creditable to Mr. Gye's management.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday last a new ballet was produced at her Majesty's Theatre, with the greatest success. The arrangement is due to M. Massot, and the music, which is calculated to raise the gaiety of every heart to concert-pitch, is composed and arranged by M. Nadaud.

Acalista, which is the name of the ballet, is divided into two tableaux. The first opens with a view of the Court of Terpsichore, displaying a galaxy of beauties and rich scenery. Amyntas (the shepherd in love with Terpsichore), Mdle. Rolla, who throughout the ballet proves herself a most worthy representative of that ethereal character, is fascinated by Acalista (Senora Perea Nena), the fairy type of the dance of Spain. Terpsichore reproves her for the vivacity of her movements, and gives her a lesson—which is amusing, expressive, and well executed. Acalista, however, of course, fails to attain perfection in the French school; and Amyntas falls at her feet, though evidently still devoted to the vivacity, grace, and agility of the Spaniard. Terpsichore, however, from motives of jealousy, determines to banish Acalista to earth, where she asserts that she may prove to mortals that the dances of Spain may, while maintaining their exciting and fascinating style, combine modesty, good taste, and chastely-impassioned grace. Terpsichore then presents her with a pair of castanets, which she receives with most expressive joy—when she is conveyed, in the company of sylphides, away from the fascinated Amyntas to the regions of earth.

The second tableau presents the court-yard of a posada, near Seville, where Manolo (Mons. Massot), together with others, are reclining. While in this position, Manolo hears in the distance the airs which were played when Acalista received the castanets, and suddenly arouses himself, but as quickly the sounds cease. He is surrounded by his friends, and listens in vain for a repetition of the strains; and when about to retire is met by Conchita and Carmen (Madlles. Pasquali and Morlaechi), who, to the strains of his guitar, dance the Alacantina. Presently, however, the strains are again heard, and every one rushes towards the place from whence they come; but after being restrained by Manolo, a female form appears, veiled in a mantilla, when delightful efforts of grace and expressive movements so peculiar to the distinguished Spanish dancer are introduced. She ultimately unveils herself, and he falls at her feet and expresses his unfeigned and devoted love, which is reciprocated by her. This concludes the ballet.

This ballet most justly merits the approbation which is showered upon it each night of its repetition, and Senora Perea Nena, who is a remarkable proficient in the choregraphic art, remains an undisturbed favourite with a British audience. The Spanish school is always marked by a peculiarly exciting style, but Perea Nena adds to that the most charming natural grace, and a chaste and modest execution which is especially suited to the English taste; and with her winning ways she completely fascinates the hearts of the public as well as that of Amyntas. As a specimen of grace and elegance of movement, her "Pas de la Mantilla" is delightful, and the agility and vivacity which she displays in the "Zapatiado" is difficult to describe. Her little feet seem to scintillate, and every limb is performing its own part simultaneously with extraordinary rapidity, grace, and flexibility, which calls forth, as its reward, a rapturous peal of applause from all quarters of the house; and from the increased favour with which this ballet is received, both Senora Perea Nena and Mr. Lumley have every reason to be satisfied.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

AT the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, Herr Rubinstein, of whose attainments as a pianist report has lately spoken in terms of no measured praise, gave a specimen of his capacity both as composer and executant. It would have been a wiser and safer course had he commenced, or rather renewed, his acquaintance with the public (for he appeared here as a sort of juvenile prodigy some years ago) through the medium of some composition of established reputation—a concerto of Beethoven or Mozart, for instance. A cool and impartial opinion might then have been formed of his executive talent. As it was, he played a concerto of his own composition, of which we can only say, that a work so uncompromisingly unattractive it was never our lot to listen to before. No snatch of melody relieved the monotonous weariness of this painful production, which appeared to us to be a sort of caricature, in some distant way pointing to Beethoven's Choral Symphony. There was a kind of summing-up of the several motives at the end, as there is in the symphony. A most ghostly band this was—we thought involuntarily of Falstaff's review of his recruits, previous to the march through Coventry. Herr Rubinstein also played a Nocturne and a Polonaise of his own composition. Neither of these pieces indicated any remarkable originality of invention; but the former of them gave us by far the highest idea of the qualities of the pianist. It was smooth and flowing from beginning to end, and a remarkable contrast to the concerto and to the Polonaise which followed it, in both of which Herr Rubinstein showed a power of thumping and scampering over the fingerboard much more marvellous than agreeable. There can be no doubt that his powers of execution are prodigious, so great indeed as to

promise to put into the shade the preceding prodigies who have astonished the world; but we might have been shown this without such an infliction as the Concerto in G.

Mendelssohn's Sinfonia in A minor—the Scottish one—was played under the guidance of Professor Bennett in a manner approaching perfection. It was taken at a more moderate time than has of late been the practice, with manifest improvement; readings half forgotten since Mendelssohn's time were reintroduced, and never perhaps were the features of this great work more distinctly brought out. Beethoven's Sinfonia in F, No. 8, which commenced the second part, scarcely reached the same point of excellence; the latter movements, at least, appeared to us to fall off in clearness. The fanciful Allegretto Scherzando was, however, excellently played, and, as usually happens, encored.

An overture in D major for stringed instruments, two oboes, three trumpets, and drums, by J. Sebastian Bach, was a curiosity such as we have not heard for some time. It consists of seven pieces, beginning with a *grave* movement, and ending with a *rigue*. The music is Cyclopean in its character, and we might fancy it to be the performance of a friendly circle of giants, who now and then get up and execute a ponderous dance. Bach makes very little of his oboes and trumpets, or in other words, they are employed so constantly and indiscriminately as seldom to produce any marked effect by contrast. Formal as the style of the composition is, it is the reverse of dull. It is replete with charming and melodious phrases, and with learned harmony; but unfortunately, the whole is written in the same key, and throughout a want of relief is felt.

Madame Clara Novello sang an air from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, and one from Gluck's *Iphigene in Taurid*, both very graceful and charming melodies, to which her voice gave the most perfect effect.

REVIEWS.

LORD CAMPBELL'S LIVES OF THE CHIEF JUSTICES.*

THE third and concluding volume of Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Chief Justices* contains the memoirs of Lord Kenyon, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Tenterden. It cannot be said that these three Chief Justices are very favourable subjects for biography. They were neither great men nor great lawyers, and their lives, having been passed exclusively in professional pursuits, present none of the interest which attaches to the career of those who have been statesmen as well as lawyers. But to compensate for this, these three Chief Justices have lived all within the present century, and their memory, if not fresh, still lingers in Westminster Hall. Of Lord Ellenborough and Lord Tenterden, the biographer speaks from personal recollection. Every one likes to hear the sayings and doings of persons who are only recently dead, who belonged to the society of a generation still existing, and whose excellences, faults, and foibles have been watched by the writer who describes them. Lord Campbell's style and his manner of dealing with biography are admirably suited for sketches of the great men of his profession who have lived in recent times. He is then on sure ground, and knows with what he is dealing. We can watch with interest and pleasure the skill he displays in giving just enough, and not too much, of his subject—the easy playfulness and gossiping good humour of his language—the mastery with which he reviews the principal cases decided by his predecessors, and points out the wisdom or the errors of their decisions. He has here to deal with very different matter from that which, in the early portion of his work, he could only properly approach by a course of long and scrupulous historical research. In the preface to this new volume, he is pleased to complain of the way in which his historical accuracy has been impeached, and is inclined to laugh at the partisan critics who cannot bear to hear that Sir Christopher Hatton, though a good dancer, was a bad lawyer, and that the great Bacon took bribes. There is a little of the "jury-droop" in this. What his critics alleged was, that Lord Campbell had no evidence for the statements he made about Hatton and Bacon—that he had worked up slender materials into an interesting but fictitious story—and that he had missed or suppressed the truths to which any man of ordinary candour would have been led if he had examined every available source of information, and confined himself strictly to reproducing what he found in trustworthy sources. It reminds us that Lord Campbell has been an advocate as well as a judge, when we find that, in reply to an objection that he has made statements not justified by his authorities, he answers that those who ask him to sift evidence must be blinded by some weak and foolish prejudice.

Lord Kenyon was the most narrow-minded and uneducated man that ever attained high station in the modern history of England. What Lord Campbell thinks of him may be gathered from his telling us that he determined never to publish Lord Kenyon's biography in the lifetime of Lord Kenyon's son, who was firmly persuaded that his father was the type of all excellence, and whose filial piety Lord Campbell was unwilling to wound.

By descent, Lord Kenyon came of a good family; but he was himself the son of a small yeoman, and the highest aspiration of his boyhood was to be a country attorney in Flintshire. To the end of his life he retained the somewhat narrow ambition of wishing to dazzle Welshmen, and perhaps he enjoyed being Chief Justice of Chester more than being Chief Justice of England. His success he owed to a dogged industry which was never diverted into the paths of literature or jurisprudence, and flowed steadily into the one current of special pleading. He was thus enabled to do service to greater and abler men, and became successively the "devil" of Dunning and Thurlow. The latter especially, who liked being Chancellor, but detested legal labour, found him particularly useful, and had the double satisfaction of reading Kenyon's opinions as the judgments of the Court of Chancery, and of laughing at the queer Welshman who was so serviceable to him. In his first great case, the defence of Lord George Gordon, he was employed simply as a foil to Erskine, who was to follow him, and he answered admirably the expectations of his employers. Thurlow pushed him forward, and made him Attorney General. The Mastership of the Rolls fell vacant, and he claimed and was appointed to the office. His first act in his new capacity was to sleep in his own stables. Fox was standing for Westminster, and the Government wanted a vote against him. Kenyon's house was not in the liberties of Westminster, but his stables were. Accordingly, he slept there a sufficient number of nights and went to the poll. For this he received a baronetcy—a dignity given, perhaps, for more various and extraordinary reasons than any other in Europe. It is even hinted by Lord Campbell that Pitt's gratitude for this service was one great cause why he was determined that Kenyon should succeed Lord Mansfield in the King's Bench. Lord Mansfield learned who was to be his successor, and displayed his opinion on the suitability of the appointment by shutting himself up for two years at Caen Wood, as a less evil to the public than entrusting the headship of the common law to Kenyon. Time, however, worked its sure stroke, and at last Kenyon found the place vacant for him. He was made a peer, and Lord Campbell sums up his Parliamentary career by saying that "he never brought forward any Bill for the amendment of the law, nor did he even attend to the judicial business of the House of Lords." As a judge, he had almost every fault except that he was honest in purpose, and possessed a considerable amount of technical learning. His hasty and ungovernable temper, and his partialities for and antipathies against particular barristers, made him widely disliked, and his absurd misapplication of a few stock Latin quotations made him notoriously ridiculous. He had, however, the singular good fortune to elicit two *bon-mots* from George III., who, on one occasion, said to him, "My Lord, by all I can hear, it would be well if you would stick to your good law and leave off your bad Latin;" and on another he remarked, "My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you I am very glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

Lord Kenyon's death is said to have been hastened by his being overruled in a case where he had directed the jury that the defendant was liable to pay damages to a shopkeeper for having quite innocently introduced to him a swindler. Here the pensive Judges exerted themselves—though, as it proved, to the peril of their Chief's life—in the cause of obvious justice; but they had not a word to say when Lord Kenyon indulged his animosity against "forestallers and regraters." It seems almost incredible that sixty years ago the Judges of the King's Bench held that a man was criminally liable who bought and resold oats on the same day. In the numerous prosecutions for sedition to which the panic caused by the French Revolution gave rise, Lord Kenyon was outrageous in his sanguinary instructions to the jury—so much so that he was hailed by all the good Tories of the day as the saviour of his country. He was, both on this account and also from the plainness with which he spoke of the fashionable vices of the rich, a popular favourite; and as he was patronized at Court, and admired by the vulgar, he could afford to despise the sneers which he provoked among the educated of his own profession. Lord Campbell collects the most noted of the stories current to illustrate his curiosities of style. In addressing the jury in a blasphemy case, after pointing out several early Christians who adorned the gospel, he is said to have added, "Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called 'Julian the Apostle.'" On another occasion, he is said to have dismissed a jury with the following valediction:—"Having thus discharged your consciences, gentlemen, you may retire to your homes in peace, with the delightful consciousness of having performed your duties well; and may lay your heads upon your pillows, saying to yourselves, '*Aut Caesar aut nullus.*'" In exposing the falsehood of a witness, he is reported to have exclaimed, "This allegation is as far from truth as 'Old Booterium from the Northern Main'—a line I have heard or met with, God knows where."

It was not difficult to improve on Lord Kenyon; and Lord Ellenborough was a very great improvement. He was the son of a bishop—he received a regular education—he was six years at Charterhouse, and as many at Cambridge. A plodding and cautious, as well as a very able man, he commenced his legal career by a long noviciate of special pleading; and when he joined the Northern Circuit, his reputation was already esta-

* *The Lives of the Chief Justices of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Death of Lord Tenterden.* Vol. III. By John Lord Campbell. London: Murray. 1857.

blished. His great step in life was his being selected to defend Warren Hastings; and there can be no doubt that he contributed powerfully to the acquittal of the accused. His speech in defence was, indeed, a failure; but his knowledge of the rules of evidence, and his acquaintance with the ordinary process of a legal trial, enabled him to gain many signal advantages over the managers, and to exclude a considerable portion of the testimony on which they principally rested their case. His success was so great as to mark him out for the highest honours of the profession, and his business in Westminster Hall rapidly increased. He had to contend with the ill-usage of Lord Kenyon, who disliked him almost as much as he liked and favoured Erskine. In those days, men banded Latin tags against each other; and Law is reported, on one occasion of especial provocation, to have said, rather happily, to Erskine, "Non me tua fervida terrent Dicta ferox—di me terrent et Jupiter hostis." Addington made him Attorney-General, and in the same year he succeeded Lord Kenyon as Chief-Justice. It cannot be said that he was a really first-rate judge; but still, when compared with his predecessor, he rises into eminence. There were no more criminal informations against forestallers and regraters after he took his seat. His judgments are generally distinguished by broad and strong common sense. He even rose to the height of talking reasonably when the editor of a newspaper was attacked for a supposed libel on the Crown, and pointed out that a political critic might wish for a change of system that should make Catholic Emancipation possible, without a desire to "degrade his Majesty, or to alienate the affections of his subjects." His Parliamentary career, although he was at one time not only a peer, but a member of the Cabinet, was not very distinguished; and his fame principally rests on an Act which goes by his name, and by which ten new capital felonies were created, and "the revolting severity of our criminal code was scandalously aggravated."

We must reserve for another occasion our notice of the life of Lord Tenterden; but before we quit Lord Ellenborough, we may notice that Lord Campbell has added a few to the list of the more generally known of Lord Ellenborough's *faceties*. The following may perhaps amuse our readers:—

A Quaker coming into the witness-box at Guildhall without a broad brim or dittoes, and rather smartly dressed, the crier put the book into his hand and was about to administer the oath, when he required to be examined on his *affirmation*. Lord Ellenborough asking if he was really a Quaker, and being answered in the affirmative, exclaimed, "Do you really mean to impose upon the Court by appearing here in the disguise of a reasonable being?"

A witness dressed in a fantastical manner, having given very rambling and discreditable evidence, was asked, in cross-examination, "What he was?" *Witness*.—"I employ myself as a surgeon." *Lord Ellenborough, C.J.*.—"But does any one else employ you as a surgeon?"

Henry Hunt, the famous demagogue, having been brought up to receive sentence upon a conviction for holding a seditious meeting, began his address in mitigation of punishment, by complaining of certain persons who had accused him of "stirring up the people by dangerous eloquence." *Lord Ellenborough, C.J.* (in a very mild tone).—"My impartiality as a judge calls upon me to say, sir, that in accusing you of that they do you great injustice."

A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough exclaimed, "Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste, but this is encroaching on our province."

At the coming in of the "TALENTS" in 1806, Erskine himself pressed the Great Seal upon Ellenborough, saying, that "he would add to the splendour of his reputation as Lord Chancellor." Ellenborough knowing that on his own refusal, Erskine was to be the man, exclaimed, "How can you ask me to accept the office of Lord Chancellor, when I know as little of its duties as you do?"

Being told that the undertaker had made a foolish mistake in the hatchment put up on Lord Kenyon's house after the death of that frugal Chief Justice, *MORS JANVA VITA*, his successor exclaimed, "No mistake at all, sir—there is no mistake—it was by particular directions of the deceased in his will—it saved the expense of a diphthong!"

THE ROMANY RYE.*

MOST of our readers will be glad to hear that Mr. Borrow has just given the world two additional volumes of that strange cross between a novel and an autobiography, which he published some years ago under the name of *Lavengro*. Those who are acquainted with the author's other books will know what to expect from the *Romany Rye*. It contains many speculations about philology, and a few scraps of old ballads, which we presume are meant as a sort of sample of a large number of translations from the Welsh, Danish, Russian, and Manx, of which no less than sixteen volumes are advertised at the end of the book, as being for the most part ready for the press. It also contains here and there a good deal of curious speculation and information about the gipsies, their customs and their language, and much rather coarse satire on the objects of the author's dislike. These are the specific peculiarities of the book, but they are not its most characteristic features. Like all Mr. Borrow's publications, it addresses itself to a set of feelings and associations which are quite independent of philology or ethnology, and, indeed, are generally not very consistent with any great devotion to any kind of set study whatever. The real charm of the *Romany Rye*, *Lavengro*, and the *Bible in Spain*, is to be found in the cast of mind which they prove to exist in the author, and

with which they presume the reader to sympathize. Mr. Borrow seems to us to possess in a very high degree two gifts which never were common amongst Englishmen, and which the influences of our modern ways of life make rarer every day. Humour and romance are, perhaps, the two words which most nearly describe these qualities; but they have been so much abused and obscured by the innumerable speculations to which they have given rise, that we prefer to describe Mr. Borrow by a comparison, and to say that his mind has much in common with Isaac Walton, and something in common with George Sand. Admirable qualities as industry and energy undoubtedly are, the power of rest and enjoyment is no less essential to happiness, perhaps even to goodness. To be a slave to the daily business of life is a slavery after all; and we owe a considerable debt of gratitude to those who show that it is not inevitable. A man need not be much of a fisherman to appreciate the calmness, the beauty, and the love of nature for its own sake, that colour every page of Walton's book; and with more vivacity but much less tenderness there is something of the same temper in Mr. Borrow. He does not deal in description, and his language is often almost affectedly simple; but he leaves upon the minds of his readers a general impression of the scenery and persons introduced so strangely vivid and lifelike, that it reminds us of Defoe rather than of any contemporary author. We are all so busy—some no doubt from noble, others from very mean motives—that there is a strange pleasure in reading the books of a man to whom life is something besides a task and a struggle, and who wandered about, neither to accumulate knowledge nor to make money, but simply because he had in his nature a strong spice of the vagabond—we use the word rather affectionately than reproachfully.

It is not merely in his love of nature that the charm of Mr. Borrow's style is to be found, but in his love of adventure. His books, as we have already observed, read very much like George Sand's novels translated into fact. There is not a single inhabitant of the Cave of Adullam whose history has not some charm for Mr. Borrow. All the waifs and strays of society, the square men who have dropped out of the round holes, and the round men who have dropped out of the square holes, Jews, gipsies, tinkers, wandering preachers, snake charmers and fairy smiths, supply the characters that he loves to study—green lanes, wild commons, and outlying dingles, are the scenery in which he lays the plot of his stories. Every mystery, especially if it has the least pretensions to antiquity, has a charm for him. He loves the strange language of the gipsies, the passwords of the Jews, the trade secrets of rat-catchers and horse-charmers, just as George Sand delights in the ancient *confréries* of France, with their rules and mysteries, and in the old traditions of the peasantry of Berri about the feudal robberies and seigniorial rights of the last century. It is a pleasant thing to find a man who, in these days of railroads and enclosures, can still tell us stories about the old heaths where highwaymen often robbed and were sometimes gibbeted, and about the "waste fens and windy fields" where gipsies talk about stealing poultry and poisoning pigs in a language which their ancestors brought from Hindostan 400 years ago. The charm of the book depends almost entirely upon the beauty of its style. To attempt to analyze the story and its incidents would be like describing the taste of champagne.

This is the pleasant side of Mr. Borrow. We can only describe his merits in a very general way; for it would be useless to attempt to give any analysis of the contents of the particular book which he has just published. It takes up the story of the hero of *Lavengro* at the point where the work which bears his name left him. It sets forth his relations with his gipsy friends—his quarrel with Belle Berners, whose character is charmingly sketched—his experiences at an inn on the North-road and at Horncastle Fair, where he makes 100*l.* by a speculation in horse-flesh—and finally, leaves him expressing an intention to go to India. We hope that, at some future time, we may hear the results of his determination.

We must not, however, forget that, if Mr. Borrow's books have great merits, they have also great defects. He has taken the somewhat unusual course of affixing to his present work an appendix, in which he not only replies upon the critics of his former publications, but sets forth in his own proper person, and without the veil of any sort of fiction, the justification of the various likes and dislikes—especially the latter—which play so large a part in all that he writes. His greatest indignation is directed against "a set of people who pretend to write criticisms on books." Not content with imputing personal motives to various unfavourable notices of *Lavengro*, he calls his reviewers a "ravening crew," "vipers," and various other things; and he taunts them with ignorance, because they did not discover certain errors in Welsh, Italian, and Armenian, which, as he says, he purposely introduced into *Lavengro*, in order to expose the shallowness of the critics who might fail to detect them. His argument is perhaps less conclusive than original. It appears that the principal accusation brought by the critics against Mr. Borrow was, that his book was vulgar—to which he replies, "Ay, but you did not know that 'zhats' is the accusative and not the nominative of the Armenian word for bread."

We do not, however, wish to be supposed to sympathize with the persons whom he attacks with so much vehemence. A great proportion of the current reviewing of the day is, no doubt, surprisingly ignorant and presumptuous, and we fully concur in the

* *The Romany Rye*.—A Sequel to *Lavengro*. By George Borrow. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1857.

opinion that there is no vulgarity either in Mr. Borrow's subjects or in the treatment of them. His accounts of the gipsies and their strange language, and of the wild characters whom he occasionally saw in his wanderings about the country, seem to us to be eminently the reverse of vulgar—unless, indeed, the standard of vulgarity is not a moral, but a money test. If any one will compare Mr. Borrow's books with the *Mémoires de Fidoq*, he will see that it is as easy to tell a gentleman from one who is not a gentleman, when he writes about vagabonds, as when he writes about any other subject. We are sorry to say, however, that, in his attacks upon his critics he lowers himself by using language which is unquestionably vulgar. It is not vulgar to write about gipsies, but it is vulgar to call people "vipers" and "serpents," and to talk of "holding them up by their tails, with blood and foam streaming from their jaws." It is also vulgar for any man to praise his own honour, independence, and originality, and to take occasion from the publication of what was, no doubt, a foolish and low-minded attack in a Scotch magazine, to express unmeasured contempt and hatred of the whole Scotch nation. Mr. Borrow abuses—there is no other word for it—Sir Walter Scott in a manner which is at once cruel, most presumptuous, and most unjust. He accuses him, in so many words, of having been an advocate of Popery, Jacobitism, and arbitrary power. Mr. Borrow has a sort of personal hatred for the Pope and Popery which greatly weakens the force of all that he says upon that head, but a man must read *Old Mortality* and *Waverley* with strange prejudices if he looks upon them as favourable to the Jacobites and Stuarts. It is quite obvious that, throughout the whole of *Old Mortality*, the author feels the evils of the brutal and wicked oppressions exercised over Scotland by the worst race of kings that ever reigned there quite as strongly as he feels the evils of the fanaticism which they provoked; and if he concedes to the Stuarts and their partisans the possession of noble qualities, in spite of their cruelty, tyranny, and debauchery, he ascribes to the Covenanters qualities far higher, both in kind and degree, notwithstanding their bigotry.

Mr. Borrow's likings are sometimes as strange as his enmities. He celebrates, for example, the virtues of Thistlewood and Ings—notorious for the Cato-street conspiracy—and frequently refers, with a sort of affectionate interest, to Thurtell. There is so much more in every man's character than his most emphatic actions show, that we will not deny that each of these most atrocious criminals may have had fine qualities about him; but surely the Cato-street conspiracy was one of the most cruel, stupid, and needless plots upon record, and there can be no doubt that its transient and partial success would have inflicted more injury on the cause of reform than all the efforts of the Castlereaghs and Liverpools; and as for the murder of Weare, it appears to us to have combined every possible element of ferocity and treachery.

Mr. Borrow is also a great admirer of prize-fighting, and there is no doubt a good deal of truth, and of extremely valuable and well-timed truth, in the claims which he puts forward on all occasions on behalf of all manly exercises. We agree, with all our hearts, in his opinion that boxing and riding are excellent things, and highly important parts of education; and we also agree with him in thinking that the real vulgarity which is so common in the present day—the vulgarity of worshipping wealth and power—would be greatly checked by encouraging a wider taste for physical accomplishments amongst the classes which are principally affected by it; but he ought surely to be aware of the fact, that by turning amusements and accomplishments into trades, their character as amusements and their moral influence are destroyed. Our dislike to prize-fighting is exactly measured by our esteem for boxing. We cannot quit this subject without reminding Mr. Borrow that he has himself said something which embodies our own view; and the change of his views in a matter to which he attaches so much importance should teach him a little more moderation towards his opponents. What does he think of the following parallel passages?

Is polite taste better than when it could bear the details of a fight? The writer believes not. Two men cannot meet in a ring to settle a dispute in a manly manner, without some trumpery local newspaper letting loose a volley of abuse against "the disgraceful exhibition," in which abuse it is sure to be sanctioned by its dirty readers. . . . Prizefighters and pugilists are seldom friends to brutality and oppression.—*Romany Age*, ii. 388-9.

They (the gipsies) are likewise fond of resorting to the prize ring, and have occasionally even attained some eminence as principals in those disgraceful and brutalizing exhibitions called pugilistic combats. . . . When a boy of fourteen, I was present at a prizefight. Why should I hide the truth? . . . The terrible Thurtell was there. . . . He it was, indeed, who got up the fight; it being his frequent boast, that he had first introduced bruising and bloodshed amidst rural scenes, and transformed a quiet, slumbering town into a den of Jews and metropolitan thieves.—*Gipsies in Spain*, ii. 22.

If Mr. Borrow will take advice, offered him in a very friendly spirit, we should be inclined to suggest that his continuations of *Laengro*—if any such there are to be—would be far more interesting if they were written in the form of the *Travels of George Borrow*. Writing in his own name, and confining himself to facts, he would avoid many crotchets which greatly diminish the pleasure which his later books afford us; and he would have ample opportunities of exercising the almost unrivalled freshness and liveliness of style which give such a charm to the *Bible in Spain*.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.*

"EAT and be eaten" is the great law of political as of animated nature. The nations of the earth are divided into the sheep and the wolves—the fat and the defenceless against the hungry and strong. The soft climate and fertile lands of Italy were the prize of barbarian conflict in the Middle Ages. Flanders, rich in meek peasantry and a teeming soil, has been the battle-field of modern ambition. And the varied history of India is only a chronicle of the successive waves of conquest by which its wealthy but effeminate population has been submerged. A similar destiny seems to be in store for the northern half of the South American Continent. There seems to be no spot in the world in which Nature's bounty has been more lavishly poured forth. The hills contain boundless mines of diamonds, and gold, and silver, and mercury, and copper. The valleys and plains bear corn and rice, maize, cotton, and tobacco, and almost all the crops known to agriculture. Several of the most efficacious ingredients of our pharmacopœia, the Peruvian bark, copaiba, sarsaparilla, cascarilla—and, if the tales of travellers can be relied on, many others of startling powers, to which our medicine is yet a stranger—are found in its rank primeval forests. It is the country of caoutchouc and of indigo, and of many a gum and dye which commerce has not yet given to the world. It is opened by a river navigation of ten thousand miles, unequalled in any continent; and it is, in great part, free from the diseases which make most tropical countries so deadly to a European. But the fate of this country, so gifted, has been the fate of all the gardens of the world. Its history is, like that of India, the history of the successive inroads of hardy tribes, and their successive degeneracy amidst its enervating abundance. As the Incas subdued the effeminate aborigines, so they in their turn fell away and were crushed by small bands of Spanish and Portuguese desperadoes. And now they too have yielded to the fatal luxury of the climate and the soil, and can hardly be distinguished, morally or physically, from the races whom they subdued. It cannot be long before the boundless natural wealth which they are masters of, but do not enjoy, and their utter degradation, tempts another invader to tread the same fated circle. The cause which in old time was wont to move the vast barbarian hordes by whom the ancient civilizations in Europe and Asia have been obliterated, was generally the exhausted fertility of their soil. In our day the same cause is producing analogous effects. For many years past, the planters who wield the government of the United States have been driven to look abroad for new territory by the exhausting effects of slave-labour on their lands. They have not been over-scrupulous in satisfying this necessity; and it would have been strange if they had not turned their eyes to the paradise which lay so near them. Signs are not wanting of the coming storm. The book before us is among them.

Lieutenant Herndon was commissioned by the American Government to make a survey of the Amazon and some of its main tributaries, for the purpose of reporting on the commercial advantages of opening its navigation to the world. His mission, of course, was peaceful in its profession; and we have no right to impute any secret designs to the Government who sent him. But it is easy to see in the views and hopes which he expresses, the first workings of the "manifest destiny" which always seems to overrule the peaceful and scrupulous spirit of the American Cabinet:—

The common sentiment of the civilized world is against the renewal of the African slave trade; therefore must Brazil turn elsewhere for the compulsory labour necessary to cultivate her lands. Her Indians will not work. Like the *Ulama* of Peru, they will die sooner than do more than is necessary for the support of their being. I am under the impression that, were Brazil to throw off a causeless jealousy and a puerile fear of our people, and invite settlers to the Valley of the Amazon, there might be found, among our Southern planters, men who, looking with apprehension (if not for themselves, at least for their children) to the state of affairs as regards slavery at home, would, under sufficient guarantees, remove their slaves to that country, cultivate its lands, draw out its resources, and prodigiously augment the power and wealth of Brazil.

Brazil cannot be accused of any "causeless jealousy." Unfortunately, this sort of emigration has taken place before, and she is in a condition to judge of its probable effects. The emigration into Texas was actuated by similar motives, and conducted with similar professions; and however harmless an animal the American planter may be, Brazil has every ground to fear that her fate would be as the fate of Texas, if she admitted a population of free and independent backwoodsmen along the banks of the Amazon.

Whatever its political aims may have been, Lieutenant Herndon's expedition has produced a very entertaining book of travels. The basin of the Amazon, which he was commissioned to explore, is a huge tract of country, 1400 by 2000 miles in extent. It is intersected by a succession of parallel tributaries, taking their rise in the Diamond Mountains, which cut Brazil in half and divide the watershed of the Amazon from that of the River Plate, and flowing northward into the Amazon. But the course of these tributaries and the banks of a portion of the Amazon are almost all that is known of the vast and fertile country which reaches from the Eastern foot of the Peruvian Andes to the

* *Exploration of the Valley of the Amazon.* By Lieutenant Wm. Lewis Herndon, United States Navy. With Map and Plates. Washington: Taylor and Maury. 1854.

Atlantic shore. For all purposes of geography or of commerce, it is as much a terra incognita as the sources of the Nile. Lieutenant Herndon seems to have projected an extensive exploration of this region; but his actual performance was cut short by his failing health, and by the numerous difficulties of the route. He started from Lima, and crossed the Andes in an easterly direction. After examining the silver mines which are still worked rudely and inefficiently in the heart of the chain, he was anxious to press on still towards the east, so as to plunge at once into the depths of the unexplored country. But he found that the Campas Indians were too formidable. They are a fierce race, probably very numerous, supposed to be the descendants of the ancient Incas; and, taught by sad experience the danger of hospitality to the white man, they are as jealous of his presence as the Japanese. All attempts to treat with them have failed, and have commonly ended in the murder of the envoy; and their forest fastness is too impregnable for any force that the feeble Government of Peru can muster to attack it. In the middle of last century, extensive conversions were made among them by the Franciscans. They had as many as 10,000 Indians under their spiritual care. Suddenly, in 1742, one of those strange mutations of feeling which sweep so rapidly over uncivilized tribes took place. An apostate Indian, who took the ominous name of Atahualpa, raised the cry of extermination. The Indians rose in a body, the missions were utterly destroyed, eighty priests were slaughtered, and not a trace of European influence was left among them. They inhabit all the upper waters of the Ucayali, the first great tributary of the Amazon that would meet the traveller in his way to the Atlantic, after the Andes have been finally cleared. Lieutenant Herndon was forced, therefore, to turn sharp off towards the north, and content himself with following the Huallaga—a stream that flows between the chains of the Cordilleras—till it brought him to the Amazon. The difficulties against which he had to contend were very great. In some places he was obliged to hug the western side of the river, for fear of a stray Indian arrow. Except a scanty store of dried rice and cheese, he depended for food on the game he could shoot by the river side. But the game was shy, the woods were tangled, and every step was taken in the fear of the terrible rattlesnake; and the hardships of a night on the damp river bank, under an extempore shanty, were often aggravated by the pangs of hunger. To make matters worse, if he did happen to fall in with a farm some few miles from the river side, he would often meet with an absolute refusal to sell him anything to eat. Partly from indolence, partly from horror at the sight of blood, the Peruvians will not part with their poultry; and the traveller is often compelled to enforce the principles of free trade by simply shooting whatever he wants for dinner, and paying for it afterwards. When the deed is done, it would be as inconsistent with Peruvian indolence to be angry, as it would have been to be liberal before it, so that Lieutenant Herndon found that a systematic contempt for the rights of property was not only quite safe, but the only reliable method of procuring food.

But a far more serious danger arises from the rapids or *malpasos*. They are generally formed at the mouth of some small tributary stream which brings down "snags" and boulders, and leaves them deposited at the point where dead water is caused by the meeting of two currents. They form the great impediment to South American navigation, though in many cases a very moderate skill in engineering might remove them. Some are so bad that the canoes must be taken out and dragged round them, but the Indians are fond of shooting them if they can; and in these perilous trials of skill the slightest mistake in the steersman is certain destruction. Many deaths happen from them, but usually from the very common cause of drunken boatmen. Our author was very much struck with the physical endurance of his native guides. There is a plant called the *coca* which is chewed by the Indians in the same manner as tobacco is by the Americans. It stands to them in place of the pipe, beer, and victuals of our own labouring man. Von Tschudi tells us a story of an Indian in his service, who dug for him incessantly for five days and nights with only an intermission of two hours' sleep each night, and then walked twenty-two leagues. He did all this without food—he was sixty-two years of age; and he was not a bit tired at the end of it. And all this was the result of *coca*. Such are the wonders which a traveller may see—or at least relate—who will brave the dangers of the Cordilleras. The *coca* certainly has the advantage over its more civilized substitute. A propensity to work hard will hardly be counted among the virtues inspired by our own fragrant weed. So universal is the *coca* in these regions, that instead of saying a place is a mile off, as you do in England, or an hour off, as you do in Germany, you say that it is distant a chew of *coca*.

Lieutenant Herndon describes with great ease and picturesqueness the curiosities, moral and natural, by the collection of which he beguiled this painful journey. Here is a sample:—

We talked so much about tigers, and their carrying off people whilst asleep, that I, after going to bed, became nervous; and every sound near the shed made me grasp the handles of my pistols. After midnight I was lulled to sleep by the melancholy notes of a bird that Lieutenant Smyth calls "Alma Perdida," or lost soul. Its wild and wailing cry from the depths of the forest seemed, indeed, as sad and despairing as that of one without hope.

After we had retired to our mats beneath the shed for the night, I asked the governor if he knew a bird called *El alma perdida*. He did not know it

by that name, and requested a description. I whistled an imitation of its notes; whereupon, an old crone, stretched on a mat near us, commenced, with animated tones and gestures, a story in the Inca language, which, translated, ran somehow thus:—

An Indian and his wife went out from the village to work their chacra, carrying their infant with them. The woman went to the spring to get water, leaving the man in charge of the child, with many cautions to take good care of it. When she arrived at the spring she found it dried up, and went further to look for another. The husband, alarmed at her long absence, left the child and went in search. When they returned the child was gone; and to their repeated cries as they wandered through the woods in search, they could get no response save the wailing cry of this little bird, heard for the first time, whose notes their anxious and excited imagination "syllabled" into *pa-pa, ma-ma* (the present Quichua name of the bird). I suppose the Spaniards heard this story, and, with that religious poetic turn of thought which seems peculiar to this people, called the bird "The lost soul."

The circumstances under which this story was told—the beautiful, still, starlight night—the deep, dark forest around—the faint-red glimmering of the fire flickering upon the old woman's grey hair and earnest face as she poured forth the guttural tones of the language of a people now passed away—gave it a sufficiently romantic interest to an imaginative man. The old woman was a small romance in herself. I had looked at her with interest as she cooked our supper. She wore a costume that is sometimes, though not often, seen in this country. The body, or upper part of the dress, which was black, consisted of two parts—one coming up from the waist behind and covering the back, the other in front, covering the breast; the two tied together over each shoulder with strings, leaving her lank sides and long skinny arms perfectly bare.

The style is all of it easy and simple as the above, full of curious details, and slight, amusing incidents. The interest wanes in the later portion of the book, when the Peruvian frontier is passed; for, as it advances into Brazil, the banks of the Amazon become comparatively settled and civilized. But the whole description leaves on the mind an impression of incalculable natural wealth, and a future of dazzling prosperity if that wealth be left to its legitimate development. Undoubtedly there is no nation by whom it will be elicited so rapidly as by the Americans themselves. But if the "application of American energy" merely means that it is to be used to perpetuate slavery, the blight of slave-cultivation will exhaust its wealth, and it will only have exchanged one degrading domination for another.

PAU AND THE MOUNTAINS.*

THE watering-places of the South of France, which were known to the bath-loving Romans, retained a certain local reputation even during the middle ages. With the commencement of modern history they became more widely known, and many persons of note resorted to them from Paris and the north. In recent times their medicinal virtues have been very generally recognised, and the increasing taste for scenery and for the excitement of mountain travel has helped to swell the list of those who visit them. The great Ramond, at the close of the last century, forgot or tried to forget in the solitary grandeur of the higher Pyrenees, the terrible scenes which were being enacted in the capital, and several men of science have since his day bestowed much attention upon their structure, and upon the plants which clothe their sides. M. Taine, the author of the volume under review, makes no claims to the character of a *savant*. His work, with the exception of the last chapter, is not even useful as a guide-book; it is, however, exceedingly light and lively. He has a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a vein of good-humoured railery. He understands how to make his pages readable by a judicious pilfering of his predecessors; and he has collected many quaint passages from old writers, which no one can read without pleasure. We may instance the legend of Bos-de-Benac, which he gives at length, and the story of Orthon. Of this last we can only say, that the sooner those who have never read it do so, either in Froissart or elsewhere, the better it will be for them.

The two principal towns of the sub-Pyrenean region are Toulouse and Pau. Through one or other of these the great chain is generally approached by travellers coming from the north. For one Englishman, however, who passes to the Pyrenees through Toulouse, five pass through Pau, and it is not probable that this proportion will be very materially altered, even by the recent opening of the railway from Bordeaux to Cete, which makes the capital of Languedoc much more accessible than it was. The conclusion of the war in 1815 found Pau a small ill-appointed town, remarkable only for the beauty of its situation and for its recollections of old times. Forty years have changed its whole character, and it now takes rank in Europe, side by side with Nice and Ischl and imperial Carlsbad. Like so many other towns on the continent it owes its prosperity to English grumbling. Our countrymen, the reformers of the world, as M. Taine justly calls them, in all that relates to material comfort, have stormed and coaxed and chinked their guineas in the ears of its inhabitants, till dirty streets have become comparatively clean, new quarters have arisen, good roads have been made, and numerous country houses of larger or smaller size have been built in the environs. Pau is now, to all intents and purposes, an English town, but situated some hundred miles nearer the equator than Ventnor or Penzance. Its climate has been the great attraction. The Englishman whom a long series of years spent in maledictions of the east wind has left bankrupt in health and temper, hears with joy and wonder of a land where this terrible enemy has not only no

* *Les Eaux des Pyrénées*. Par H. Taine. Paris: Hachette.

power to harm, but where, exchanging its properties with those of the Zephyr, it is known only as a gentle and friendly visitant. At length he determines to winter in Bearn. On the whole he is scarcely ever disappointed, though an occasional five days' gale from the Bay of Biscay, driving huge rain clouds along the face of the mountains and deluging the plain, makes his face from time to time re-assume that look of standing protest against the nature of things which it wore on this side the Channel. In the long run, *sava indignatio* yields to the benign influences of an atmosphere which acts, it is said, even upon the temper of the lower animals, and the testiest Norfolk squire becomes worthy of the epitaph of Sophocles. A French Protestant clergyman at Pau is said to have once told his congregation that the calm of the climate extended not only to the temper but to the reason and the soul, and that the calm passed into something not very unlike stagnation. We have heard similar accusations in other quarters, more especially from the lips of those who are a little too fanatically attached to the "sunny slopes of the Pincian." We are far from saying that they are wholly without foundation. Pau is certainly not extraordinarily intellectual. All mental supplies must be carried thither by the traveller. The local circulating libraries are absurdly bad. The booksellers' shops are very ill provided. There are no galleries, no churches of interest; no antiquities of prominent importance; and general conversation, although easy and cultivated, is rather deficient in interest. Still, for those who go to Pau with tastes already formed, there are ample means for spending an agreeable and profitable time. There is, perhaps, no place in France which, thanks to the very amicable relations which exist between the authorities and our countrymen, affords so many facilities for an Englishman, who takes an interest in public affairs, becoming acquainted with the way in which a French department is managed; and this kind of knowledge, at a time when so many of our institutions are, more or less, under discussion, is surely as valuable as it is, under ordinary circumstances, difficult to obtain.

For those who care about natural science, there is also much that is curious. The tertiary deposits of the Landes—the enormous breastwork of rolled stones which separate the plain, or rather the wide valley, of Pau from the outlying slopes of the Pyrenees Proper—the very complicated structure of the chain itself, showing in the valleys of Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes, nummulitic limestone, granite, limestone of the Devonian age and Silurian rock, all within a few miles of each other, will prevent the geologist from finding time hang too heavily on his hands. The botanist will find occupation even in March; and the pleasure to be derived from his pursuit will increase with the vanishing of the snow till it attains its maximum in the month of August, when those parts of the range which wear the livery of winter, even in the middle of May, are covered with a carpet of Alpine flowers. Those who are fond of history will find a perfect mine of recollections in the old chateau which overlooks the town, and will be able, by the help of numerous writers, to go back to those days of half-war, half-frolic, which formed the character of Henry IV. Old Froissart has been truly said to have himself written the first guide to the Pyrenees. The English stranger will not be obliged to puzzle out his information upon all these subjects unaided by the residents. No difficulty, we believe, would be found in obtaining the counsels of the Government engineer about exploring the geology; and Gaston Sacaze, the peasant naturalist, a man who is worth going a hundred miles to see, has the most minute and readily available knowledge about the Fauna and Flora of the whole district. He lives near the entrance of the Eaux Bonnes valley. A French gentleman, resident at Pau, is said to possess a library exceedingly rich in all that relates to Bearnese history, and to local matters generally, and to be very obliging in communicating information. Several English people, who have been at Pau almost since the peace of 1815, have also much to tell. Those who are obliged to be much in the open air may relieve their graver pursuits by hunting, after the English fashion, to say nothing of cricket and archery. During the Carnival, the little town is exceedingly gay, and the Bearnese, much to the scandal of their pastors, prolong their festivities to Ash Wednesday. On that day a ceremony, bearing some resemblance to the well-known one which takes place on Shrove Tuesday at Rome, sets all the population in motion. When the gay season is over, people meet in an easy and quiet way. There is a great mixture of nations and tongues. Americans and Russians, Poles and Spaniards, Belgians, Danes, as well as French, English, Scotch, and Irish—all bring their national peculiarities to give variety to social life. As in most places of the sort in Europe, you might compile a tolerably copious military history from the conversation of the numerous old officers whom you meet. One tells you about Borodino, another about Kirkee, a third about Orthez, and a fourth about the campaign in the Crimea. The eye as it wanders round a crowded drawing-room falls on many and various types of feature, which it does not willingly quit—from the pale, delicate loveliness exiled for health from St. Petersburg, and fading as fast as an Arctic summer, to the dark and splendid beauty of the South, full as that of Venus Victrix herself of radiant and triumphant life, which might be criticized as "un poco Moresca," upon the Taconera of Pamplona or the Prado of Madrid.

The watering-places amidst the mountains have two distinct seasons. The first is in the early spring. This is short, and brings but small gains to the hotels and lodging-houses. The visitors

at that season are mostly people who, having spent the winter in Pau, wish to learn something of the secrets of that great barrier which they have seen for six months stretching far to left and right its jagged and snowy line. The second season is in the later summer and the autumn. Then the visitors are chiefly French; but the wandering English are also well represented. The earlier invaders of the Pyrenean solitudes have some advantages. The weather is not sultry, the hotels are not crowded, and the effects of light are more varied. The snow line on the Pyrenees rises, when summer is at its height, to 9000 feet. A traveller who goes to the south of France in August, can never see the huge icicles hanging behind the rocks of the valleys, or the pines bearing up on their tray-like branches their burden of dazzling white. On the other hand, some of the hotels are not opened till summer sets in—the high passes are all impracticable, and the life of flowers has hardly begun. Yet even as early as the end of April, in a very late season, the following plants were, in addition to many more common ones, gathered within a few hours between Louvie and Gabas:—*Pinguicula grandiflora*, *Globularia nudicaulis*, *Erysimum Pyrenaicum*, *Hepatica triloba*, *Erinus alpinus*, *Biscutella cichorifolia*, *Daphne laureola*, *Ophrys apifera*, *Saxifraga granulata* and *Saxifraga aretioides*, *Genista pilosa* and *Genista Hispanica*, the beautiful blue Columbine and the tall white Asphodel.

In Spring, the various Pyrenean watering-places are distinguished only by their natural peculiarities. In autumn they differ from each other not less considerably in the character of the visitors who resort to them. Eaux Bonnes, small and easily accessible—a tiny morsel of Paris crammed into a gorge of the Pyrenees—is the resort of the wealthy *bourgeoisie*, and rather expensive in consequence. The waters are not very strong, though they hardly deserve, according to graver authorities, M. Taine's depreciatory hints. "In the time of Francis I.," he says, "the Eaux Bonnes cured wounds; they were called in those days *Eaux d'Arguesbades*; and the soldiers who were wounded at Pavia were sent to them." Eaux Chaudes is neither town-like nor expensive, but a pretty little quiet place—a far better centre for the tourist who comes to enjoy pleasures which are not offered by the gardens of the Tuileries. St. Sauveur is very exclusive, and not a little dull. Only the *bourgeoisie* and the passers-by appear at the *tables d'hôte*. The invalids dine at home. Barèges is near St. Sauveur, but much higher, much colder, and a comfortless abode. Those who go thither for any time are really very ill—most of them are wounded men, or persons who suffer from skin-diseases. Barèges owes its fame to the visit of Madame de Maintenon, who went thither with the little Duc de Maine. Here is an extract from one of her letters, written in the height of summer:—

You see that I keep up my courage in one of the most dismal places in the world. To add to our miseries, it is freezing. The company is abominable; they respect and bore us. All our women are always ill. They are mere cockneys, who found the world very large when they had got as far as Etampes.

Cauterets is a favourite resort of the Legitimist party. Its springs have long ministered to the ills of royal and noble personages. The Queen Margaret, the sister of Francis I. went thither with her court and her poets, her musicians and her theologians. M. Taine quotes a very amusing account of the evils endured by her suite as they were returning to the plains. The rain had fallen in torrents; the streams were all flooded, "les cabanes du dit Cauterets furent si remplies d'eau qu'il fut impossible d'y demeurer." Two unlucky ladies of the court met a bear strolling down the mountains, and had to gallop for their lives.

Bagnères de Bigorre is of all the Pyrenean watering-places the one best suited to those who care much about comfort, and very little about *les belles horreurs*. M. Taine himself evidently prefers it to all the rest. A finer piece of what the Germans call *Philisterei* than the song of triumph which he sings when he leaves "those eternal barriers which close the horizon," we have not often read; but Bagnères, half in the plains and half in the hills, suits him admirably. Nevertheless, he rather banters his favourite:—

There are four lines of dust-powdered trees; formal benches at regular intervals; on each side of the promenade modern mansions, one of them occupied by M. de Rothschild, rows of shops, lighted-up cafés, where they sing, and round which crowds are collected. In the middle of the road a black cloud moves confusedly under the lights. Such is the spectacle that presents itself. The groups make and unmake themselves, and again knit themselves more closely; we follow the crowd; we re-learn the art of advancing without treading on the toes of those who meet us, of brushing past every one without jostling anybody, of not being crushed ourselves, and of not crushing other people; in short, all the arts which are taught by asphalt and civilization.

Luchon, which is said to derive its name from the fact that its waters were consecrated by the Gauls to the god Lixo, is a place of considerable size and importance. It is very much frequented, and there is no doubt whatever about the efficacy of its Abana and Pharpar. Unfortunately they are just a little too efficacious, and may throw you into a fever at short notice. From this point some of the most beautiful excursions in the whole range of the Pyrenees may be made; and travellers who want a subject less hacknied than Monte Rosa or Mont Blanc, may try their strength on the Maladetta. M. Taine extracts an account of its ascent by M. de Franqueville and M. de Tchitchachev in July, 1842. They slept two nights on the mountain, but seem to have encountered

no difficulties which are not perfectly familiar to those who know the high glacier passes of the Alps. We regret to find no description of the very remarkable ceremony of the *Brandon* at Luchon, which takes place at Midsummer. It is evidently a relic of that primeval worship of the sun of which a remembrance is preserved in the Scotch word Beltane, and in those fires which burn on the eve of the festival of St. John along the Bohemian hills. There may be amongst the populations of the Pyrenees and the Cantabrian sierras many curious customs of this kind, which are not at all generally known. The Spanish Basques call Sunday *Astartea*, a word in which it is easy to recognise the name of the Syrian Venus. We dare say that a zealous investigator in those regions would find some amusing parallels to the story of St. Viar.

M. Taine has not deserved ill of the sunny south; but his book will gain for it few new friends. Those who know it already will tolerate rather than admire his writing. We could wish to see some one who feels that he owes to the Pyrenees either renewed health or pleasant recollections, take in hand a more serious work. Why should not some one give us a little volume half as large as the book before us, which is itself of no great size? The first part of it might be devoted to the structure and aspect of the Pyrenees, and should aim at sketching their leading features, and pointing out in what direction the studious traveller should look for further information. The second part ought to be historical, and should contain a brief sketch of the principal events which have happened in and near the Pyrenees, with references to the authorities. To the general reader this would be insufferably dull; but to one who wished to make the most of six months in the south of France, it would be most precious.

THE CONFIDENCE-MAN.*

THERE are some books which it is almost impossible to review seriously or in a very critical spirit. They occupy among books the same position as Autolycus, or Falstaff, or Flibbertigibbet do among men. Of course they are quite wrong—there are other people in the world besides those who cheat and those who are cheated—all pleasant folks are not rogues, and all good men are not dull and disagreeable. On the contrary, the truth is for the most part, we are thankful to say, the exact opposite of this, and therefore Mr. Melville's view of life, were it gravely intended, should no doubt be gravely condemned. But that he has no such intention we quote his own words to show. He says:—

There is another class, and with this class we side, who sit down to a work of amusement tolerably as they sit at a play, and with much the same expectations and feeling. They look that fancy shall evoke scenes different from those of the same old crowd round the custom-house counter, and same old dishes on the boarding-house table, with characters unlike those of the same old acquaintances they meet in the same old way every day in the same old street.

In this way of thinking, the people in a fiction, like the people in a play, must dress as nobody exactly dresses, talk as nobody exactly talks, act as nobody exactly acts. It is with fiction as with religion: it should present another world, and yet one to which we feel the tie.

If, then, something is to be pardoned to well-meant endeavour, surely a little is to be allowed to that writer who, in all his scenes, does but seek to minister to what, as he understands it, is the implied wish of the more indulgent lovers of entertainment, before whom harlequin can never appear in a coat too parti-coloured, or cut capers too fantastic.

Whether this is a very high aim, is another question. All we can say is that it has been fully attained in the volume before us; and we lay our frowns aside, and give ourselves up to watch the eccentric transformations of the Confidence-Man, in much the same spirit as we listen to the first verse of the song of Autolycus.

The scene of this comedy is one of the large American steamers on the Mississippi—the time of its action, one day—and its hero a clever impostor, who, under the successive disguises of a deaf mute, a crippled negro, a disconsolate widower, a charitable collector, a transfer agent, a herb doctor, a servant of the "Philosophical Intelligence Office," and a cosmopolitan traveller, contrives to take in almost every one with whom he comes in contact, and to make a good deal of money by these transactions. The characters are all wonderfully well sustained and linked together; and the scene of his exploits gives unlimited scope for the introduction of as many others as Mr. Melville's satirical pencil likes to sketch, from the good simple country merchant to the wretched miser, or the wild Missourian who had been worried into misanthropy by the pranks of thirty-five boys—and no wonder, poor man, if they were all like the one whose portrait we subjoin:—

"I say, this thirtieth boy was in person not ungraceful; his deceased mother a lady's maid, or something of that sort; and in manner, why, in a plebeian way, a perfect Chesterfield; very intelligent, too—quick as a flash. But, such suavity! 'Please sir! please sir!' always bowing and saying, 'Please sir.' In the strangest way, too, combining a filial affection with a menial respect. Took such warm, singular interest in my affairs. Wanted to be considered one of the family—sort of adopted son of mine, I suppose. Of a morning, when I would go out to my stable, with what childlike good nature he would trot out my nag, 'Please sir, I think he's getting fatter and fatter.' 'But he don't look very clean, does he?' unwilling to be downright harsh with so affectionate a lad; 'and he seems a little hollow inside the haunch

there, don't he? or no, perhaps I don't see plain this morning.' 'Oh, please sir, it's just there I think he's gaining so, please.' Polite scamp! I soon found he never gave that wretched nag his oats of nights; didn't bed him either. Was above that sort of chambermaid work. No end to his wilful neglects. But the more he abused my service, the more polite he grew."

"Oh, sir, some way you mistook him."

"Not a bit of it. Besides, sir, he was a boy who, under a Chesterfieldian exterior hid strong destructive propensities. He cut up my horse-blanket for the bits of leather, for hinges to his chest. Denied it point-blank. After he was gone, found the shreds under his mattress. Would slyly break his horse-handle, too, on purpose to get rid of hoeing. Then be so gracefully penitent for his fatal excess of industrious strength. Offer to mend all by taking a nice stroll to the highest settlement—cherry-trees in full bearing all the way—to get the broken thing cobbled. Very politely stole my pears, odd pennies, shillings, dollars, and nuts; regular squirrel at it. But I could prove nothing. Expressed to him my suspicions. Said I, moderately enough, 'A little less politeness, and a little more honesty would suit me better.' He fired up: threatened to sue for libel. I won't say anything about his afterwards, in Ohio, being found in the act of gracefully putting a bar across a railroad track, for the reason that a stoker called him the rogue that he was. But enough: polite boys or saucy boys, white boys or black boys, smart boys or lazy boys, Caucasian boys or Mongol boys—all are rascals."

We likewise recommend to those readers who like tales of terror the story of Colonel John Moredock, the Indian hater. It opens up a dark page in American history, and throws some light on the feelings with which the backwoodsmen and red men mutually regard each other, and apparently with very good reason. Let those who are fond of borrowing money study the fate of the unlucky China Aster, and take warning by it. The portrait of the mystic philosopher, who "seemed a kind of cross between a Yankee pedler and a Tartar priest," is good in its way; and so is the practical commentary on his philosophy, contained in the following chapters, which attack severely, and with considerable power, the pretended philanthropical, but really hard and selfish optimist school, whose opinions seemed not long ago likely to gain many disciples.

There is one point on which we must speak a serious word to Mr. Melville before parting with him. He is too clever a man to be a profane one; and yet his occasionally irreverent use of Scriptural phrases in such a book as the one before us, gives a disagreeable impression. We hope he will not in future mar his wit and blunt the edge of his satire by such instances of bad taste. He has, doubtless, in the present case fallen into them inadvertently, for they are blemishes belonging generally to a far lower order of mind than his; and we trust that when the sequel of the masquerade of the Confidence-Man appears, as he gives us reason to hope that it soon will, we shall enjoy the pleasure of his society without this drawback.

Of the picture of American society which is here shown us, we cannot say much that is favourable. The money-getting spirit which appears to pervade every class of men in the States, almost like a monomania, is vividly portrayed in this satire; together with the want of trust and honour, and the innumerable "operations" or "dodges" which it is certain to engender. We wish that our own country was free from this vice, but some late commercial transactions prove us to be little, if at all, behind our Transatlantic cousins in this respect, and we gladly hail the assistance of so powerful a satirist as Mr. Melville in attacking the most dangerous and the most debasing tendency of the age.

NOTICE.

The publication of the "SATURDAY REVIEW" takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-Agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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* *The Confidence-Man: his Masquerade.* By Herman Melville. London: Longmans. 1857.

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At the fifth appropriation of profits for the five years terminating January 31, 1856, a reversionary bonus was declared of £1 10s. per cent. on the sums insured, and substituting additions for every premium paid during the five years. This bonus, on policies of the longest duration, exceeds £2 5s. per cent. per annum on the original sums insured, and increases a policy of £1000 to £1638.

Proposals for insurances may be made at the chief office, as above; at the branch office, 16, Pall Mall, London; or to any of the agents throughout the kingdom.

BONUS TABLE.

Showing the additions made to Policies of £1000 each.

Date of Insurance.	Amount of Additions to Feb. 1, 1851.	Addition made as on Feb. 1, 1856.	Sum Payable after Death.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1820	523 16 0	114 5 0	1638 1 0
1825	382 14 0	103 14 0	1486 8 0
1830	241 12 0	93 2 0	1334 14 0
1835	185 3 0	88 17 0	1274 0 0
1840	128 15 0	84 13 0	1213 8 0
1845	65 15 0	79 18 0	1145 13 0
1850	19 0 0	75 15 0	1085 15 0
1855	—	15 0 0	1015 0 0

And for intermediate years in proportion.

The next appropriation will be made in 1861.

Insurances, without participation in Profits, may be effected at reduced rates.

SAMUEL INGALL, Actuary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW.—TO GARDENERS.
—No Specimens can be entered for Exhibition after MONDAY, the 25th instant. Gardeners applying in writing to the Secretary, on or before that day, and producing satisfactory evidence of their being bona fide Gardeners, will receive Special Tickets admissible on the 30th, on payment of 5s. at the doors. The Regulations and Schedules of Prizes may now be obtained on application.

Crystal Palace, May 12th, 1857.

By Order, GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW AND GREAT FOUNTAINS.—THE FIRST GRAND HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION of the present Season will be held on SATURDAY, the 30th MAY. The first Display of the Great Fountains and the entire system of Waterworks, will take place between 4 and 5 o'clock in the Afternoon. Doors open at 12 o'clock. Military Bands will be in attendance, in addition to the Band of the Company. Admission by Season Tickets, of both classes, or on payment of Half-a-Guinea.

N.B.—The other Flower Show of this Season will take place on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of September.
For the accommodation of Gardeners a Special Train will leave London Bridge at 6 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 30th May, calling at New Cross and Forest Hill.

Crystal Palace, May 12th, 1857.

By Order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Under the special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Prince Albert.

Conductor MR. COSTA.

On Monday, June 15th, MESSIAH; Wednesday, June 17th, JUDAS MACCABEUS; Friday, June 19th, ISRAEL IN EGYPT. The Orchestra will consist of 2500 Performers, occupying a space considerably larger than the entire area of any Music Hall in this country. Principal Vocal Performers.—Madame Clara Novello, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Herr Formes. An Organ of great power has been erected for the occasion by Messrs. Gray and Davison, under the superintendence of Mr. J. L. Brownsmith, who will preside during the Festival. The whole of the musical arrangements are under the direction of the Sacred Harmonic Society. Tickets in the Nave, for a single performance, 10s. 6d.; Reserved and Numbered Stalls, at One Guinea each day, or Two Guineas and a Half for the set of three performances; and Reserved and Numbered Stalls in the Transept Galleries at Five Guineas for the set. These Tickets, together with Plans of the Stalls, may be had at the Central Handel Festival Ticket Office, Exeter Hall; at No. 79, Lombard-street; or at the Crystal Palace.

Post Office Orders forwarded to any of the above Offices, must be made payable to Mr. George Grove, at the Chief Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.

The Great Fountains, and the entire system of Waterworks, will be displayed on each of the Festival days, after the conclusion of the Oratorio.

Crystal Palace, May 19th, 1857.

By Order, GEO. GROVE, Secretary.

THE GREAT HORTICULTURAL CHISWICK FETE, will take place on June 3rd and 4th, for the Exhibition of Flowers, Fruit, &c. Open free to fellows or holders of their ivory tickets on June 3rd at 12 o'clock, or June 4th at 10 a.m. Fellows and the holders of their ivory tickets may, at the same hours, be accompanied by any two visitors producing admission tickets. Open to the public with 5s. tickets at 2 p.m. June 3rd, or with 2s. 6d. tickets, 2 p.m. June 4th.

Special trains for the North London, and South-Western Railway Companies will convey visitors to the Turnham Green and Chiswick Stations.

Applications for tickets and all further information to be made at 21, Regent-street, S.W.

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GIUGLINI, BELLETTI, BENEVENTANO, VIALETTI.

Second night of IL TROVATORE.

On TUESDAY, May 20th.—IL TROVATORE. SPEZIA, ALBONI, GIUGLINI, BENEVENTANO, and VIALETTI.
On THURSDAY, May 29th, EXTRA NIGHT.—LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Lucia—PICCOLOMINI, Edgardo—GIUGLINI.
To conclude each Evening with the New Ballet, by M. Massot, entitled, ALCALISTA.

For particulars see Bills.

A limited number of Boxes in the half-circle have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket, Price One Guinea and One Guinea and a half each.

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To meet the many applications that have been made, and to accommodate the numerous families resident in the environs, an EXTRA PERFORMANCE will take place on MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 1, when will be performed Verdi's Opera, LA TRAVIATA.

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Second Pair	3 3 0	Gallery Stalls	0 5 0
Half Circle	1 11 6	Gallery	0 3 0

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One portion of the Concert will be conducted by Signr. BONETTI, and another by M. BENEDICT.

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Grand Tier	8 8 0	First Tier	3 3 0
First Tier	6 6 0	Two Pair	2 2 0
Two Pair	4 4 0	Upper Boxes	1 11 6
Upper Boxes	3 3 0		

Pit Stalls	2 2 0	Pit Stalls	1 1 0
Pit	0 15 0	Pit	0 7 0
Gallery Stalls	0 10 0	Gallery Stalls	0 5 0
Gallery	0 5 0	Gallery	0 2 6

Application for Tickets may be made at all the principal Librarians and Music-sellers; of Mr. BENEDICT, 2, Manchester-square; and at the Box-Office of the Theatre.

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* The Annual Subscription for 1857, is now due.

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